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TWO DAYS ON THE ISTHMUS.



COLON, the eastern terminus of the defunct Panama Canal, and the only port on that side of the Isthmus, is an inhospitable, dreary looking place ; at least, so it appeared as we steamed slowly up the harbor to our dock after a pleasant voyage of six days from New York. Perhaps this disagreeable impression was heightened by the fact that we had risen early, very early, and breakfast was still a thing of the dim and distant future. The town itself was partially hidden by a thick mantle of mist and fog, rising from the swamps toward the interior, and hanging over the tops of the palm trees like a great curtain, scarcely stirred by the gentle land breeze.

The surrounding country was low and uninteresting, except directly in front of us, where the big black hulls and tall spars of the steamships in port broke the monotonous outline, and stood out in bold contrast against the green hills beyond. The business district back of the wharves and docks was scarcely visible behind a mass of tropical foliage.

As we reached the dock, the sun's heat had scattered the masses of vapor, leaving only a few feathery clouds in the valleys, above which the hill-tops, now bright and clear against the purple sky, stretched away, gradually rising till they seemed to touch the clouds in the distance. In the foreground on both sides of us, groves of cocoanut and banana palms lined the shore, their graceful branches reflected in the water below. Promontories ran out into the water and formed a circular basin, to harbor, in which were a number of "tramp" steamers waiting for cargo.

Crowds of natives met us as we reached the end of the pier, most of them trying to sell palm-leaf fans and cocoanut hats. One bright-eyed little chap, more anxious than the rest, followed us to the carriage stand, proffering his wares in a quaint, broken Spanish dialect. The negroes on the Isthmus resemble ours in features and color, but there is no trace of the Southern dialect among them.

On reaching the stand, we experienced great difficulty in securing a proper conveyance. There were plenty of them, but they were, without exception, the shakiest lot of vehicles I ever saw grouped together. The



DRAWN BY WALTER STEARNS HALE.

A STREET, PANAMA.

mules harnessed to them were an astonishing set of beasts; diminutive little fellows, dirty white and dingy sorrel in color, sad-eyed and weary looking, the prominence of their ribs suggesting plenty of exercise and a scanty diet. Our guide finally selected an equipage, principally, it seemed to me, because the ugliest, most vicious looking little brute in the whole lot was between the shafts. He looked miserable enough but evidently felt well, if the tattoo he insisted on playing on the dashboard was an indication of his condition.

The town was fully awake by the time we were finally started down the main street. Going to and from the market were throngs of native men and women, the latter dressed in loose flowing white stuffs, balancing huge baskets of fruit and vegetables on their heads. The shops and stores were already opened, and enterprising saloon-keepers did a thriving business, though their concoctions must have been rather unsatisfactory as the train from Panama, bringing their manufactured ice, had not arrived. These shops were all protected from the tropical sun by a frame "lean-to" built over the sidewalk in front. The opposite side of the street was monopolized by a switch-track of the railroad, leading to the steamship offices and wharves. Further up were the buildings used by the railroad as machine and repairing shops; and beyond them, as the road winds to the

left, are the houses of the American and the French consuls, gaily flying the flags of their respective countries. A short distance beyond, the road turns to the right again, winding along a beautiful beach, past "American town," as it is called, and on to the French hospital built out over the surf on piles. Beyond this the country was uninteresting, so we returned by a different route, and after crossing the railroad tracks, drove out on the main street in the opposite direction in order to reach "French town," which occupies a headland to the right as one enters the harbor.

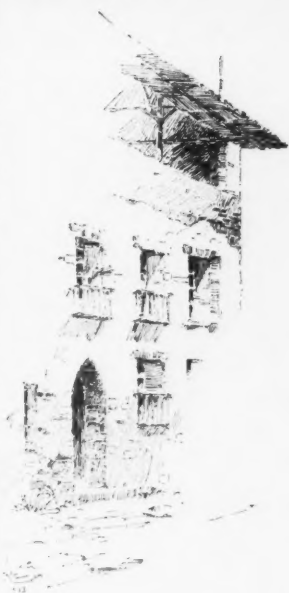
This proved to be a delightful spot, and effectually removed the disagreeable impression we had formed of Colon. A long avenue lined on both sides with luxuriant palms whose big leaves stretched out till they met above our heads leads to M. de Lessep's house, a large mansion at the end of the peninsula. On either side of the avenue are the picturesque tropical homes built by the Canal Company for the French engineers and constructors. The greater part of these houses are now deserted, although a few are rented to native families at a nominal price to be kept in repair.

The house of the Count de Lesseps is beautifully situated, commanding a view down the boulevard and a delightful vista of the harbor and the sea beyond; but above all, it looks out on the inner bay where locks and sheds mark the entrance to the Panama Canal. In the center of the grounds, a graceful statue of Columbus faces the ocean, rising from a mass of bright-colored foliage in a garden of tropical flowers.

The smaller harbor is completely deserted now, where a few years since it was crowded with craft carrying materials and supplies for the work on the canal. The whole place was impressively quiet and still, and we were all affected for a while by its air of loneliness and desolation. We took a last look, before starting, at the homes of the engineers and at the locks through which so many ships were expected to pass, when in the eyes of the world the Panama Canal was a possibility.

The morning train from Panama arrived as we reached the wharf, well filled with passengers for the out-going English steamer. Two trains a day each way are sufficient to carry the passenger traffic across the Isthmus now; in the days of the canal they were dispatched at intervals of only half an hour.

The present manager, Colonel Rives, was confronted with a number of difficult problems when he assumed the position; conductors, who were receiving salaries of two hundred dollars, often sent home a thousand or more a month, and systematic robbery prevailed more or less in all the



— IN AN ALLEY WAY —
PANAMA.

departments. The passenger traffic at the time was enormous, and the temptation to benefit by it apparently seemed irresistible. Colonel Rives began by discharging a great majority of the employes, and now has the road in capital running order. An immense amount of freight is handled over the forty-seven miles of single track every day.

The trip across the Isthmus made a lasting impression. Words can not describe the ruin and desolation on every side, as the train passes the unfinished ditches of the canal from Colon to Panama; not a mile, not a half a mile even, that does not contain some mark of the immense destruction to life and property caused by the attempt to unite two oceans. Impossible as this scheme looked, there was something in it that was majestic, gigantic, and for a long time it seemed likely to succeed. The enterprise appealed to the romantic, as well as the financial, instincts of the French people. The vision of the Count de Lesseps, who had by the Suez Canal united the Mediterranean with the Eastern seas, dazzled the usually thrifty French, and coaxed millions of francs from their hiding-places to be buried in the sands of the Isthmus. The labor was done by adventurers from all quarters of the globe; Chinese, negroes from Jamaica, native Indians, and a few Europeans and Americans. Thousands of men gathered at Panama, and a terribly small percentage left it when the work was abandoned. It is an historical fact that every tie laid for the Panama railroad cost a life, and the mortality must have been even greater on the canal, judging from the cemeteries lining its banks, their trenches filled with nameless victims of the Chagres fever. The half-finished canal is little more than a narrow ditch through a huge cemetery. If the dead sleeping on the hillsides could be summoned to life by the great *reveille*, an army corps would respond to the call. Millions of francs are represented in the decaying machinery, in the hundreds of cars and dredges, and in the immense repairing shops along the road. A great many French and Belgian locomotives of the most approved types were imported at great

expense and put together on side tracks, where they stand to-day in trains, slowly sinking into the mud or rusting away beneath the dews of night and the heavy tropical rains. Steam dredges are glued fast in the clay they have excavated, and steam shovels lie in shapeless masses of cogged wheels and corroded chains. Here they will probably remain until Nature at last obliterates all evidence of the attempted violation of her sanctuary; when vines and creepers twine around the arms of abandoned cranes, and a jungle hides from view the last traces of the gigantic failure that will be felt for



ALONG THE WATER FRONT, PANAMA.

years to come in many a peasant's home in France. The stations along the line are populated almost entirely by natives, who occupy many of the thatched houses built for the employes of the Canal Company. Naked children tumble and romp about the door-steps, and native men and women, scantily dressed, but evidently with the same fondness for bright head-gear common among the Southern negroes, sit under the shade of the banana trees or lounge on the station platform, awaiting the arrival of the train. Government policemen, their white helmets and ill-fitting blue coats easily distinguished in the crowd, wander aimlessly through the dirty streets. No one seems to have anything in particular to do, and how they live is a mystery.



DRAWN BY WALTER STEARNS HALE.

NEAR THE MARKET, PANAMA.

We reached the wharf at Panama just as the sun was setting. The sky near the horizon was ablaze with fiery red and orange, and the masses of moving clouds above were outlined in pure gold where the fierce rays touch them. Our steamer for San Francisco was anchored down the bay, and we were transferred to her almost immediately, spending the night on board to avoid the dangerous night air of the city.

Our party was up betimes in the morning to get an early start for Panama, whose red-tiled roofs and rugged cathedral spires lit up by the morning sun stood out in bold relief against a dark background of mountains. The harbor is one of the most beautiful on the Pacific coast. To the right, as we looked from the anchorage at Dead Man's Island, the sea

stretched away toward the horizon, its surface slowly heaving under the influence of a gentle groundswell. The British gun-boat, *Pheasant*, lay at anchor in the roadstead, and near us a steamship bound for South America was making preparations to depart on her long voyage down the coast. Towering mountains, their violet tops almost hidden behind the fleecy clouds, reached down till they blended into the emerald green of the palm-trees lining the shore on the left. In front of us, the coral reefs which form an effective sea-wall around the city were just beginning to show their moss-covered backs above the receding tide. Sober pelicans were already perched on them, or were lazily sailing through the air with an eye open for the small fish that abound in the harbor. Another ship of our line, the *Acapulco*, on whose deck General Barrundia was shot by Guatemalan authorities a few years ago, had just drooped anchor and was already surrounded by a fleet of strange craft from the city; while market boats, luggers and dug-outs were gathered around waiting for a chance to dispose of their cargoes of fruit and vegetables. Pineapples, green oranges, mangoes, coconuts, and *aguacati*, or alligator pears, formed the principal stock in trade. The soft green pulp of the *aguacati*, properly dressed and highly seasoned, makes a delicious salad. The boatmen were dusky, brawny fellows, most of them attired in a broad-brimmed hat and soiled white trousers, evidently disdaining the use of a shirt or coat. They were a picturesque lot, their brown backs glistening in the sunshine as they paddled to and fro or stood in the stern-sheets crying their wares.

Centuries ago the church planted the symbol of the cross in the furrows cut by the swords of adventurous Spaniards on the Isthmus of Panama. In time streets were laid out and cathedrals and houses built by the constantly arriving population from the mother-country, and the vivid colors familiar in the architecture of old Spain glowed again in the fiercer light of the tropic noontides. The priests and prelates constructed beautiful convents and monasteries with the gold and silver allotted them as their share of the plunder taken from the natives. The altars and interior finishings of these buildings were most elaborate and costly. When church rule was overthrown by the government, the majority of these picturesque edifices with their exquisitely designed facades were deserted and allowed to crumble away in the heat and rains of the tropics. Many of them, however, still remain, the altars and niches crushed beneath the fallen roofs; their rugged towers, moss-covered and gray with age, standing like grim mementos of the pomp and ceremony of other days.

Panama is in many respects an anachronism; it is a bit of the seventeenth century projected into the closing days of the nineteenth, and it would seem in keeping with the place if Don Quixote himself should appear in the narrow streets, attended by his faithful squire.

Donkeys and mules with well-filled panniers amble through the dirty alleyways, or stand in groups under the shadow of some protecting balcony. A crowd of Spanish boys were playing ball inside the sacred ruins of an old church which dated back to 1663. A squad of soldiers from the barracks near by, their blue coats and red trousers dotting the inclosure with color, were leaning on their guns or, stretched full length in the grass, were watching the game. In the background, in what was once the nave, were a number of miserable hovels; the blue smoke curled lazily through a hole in the thatched roof, as copper-skinned, black-haired

women were preparing the noon-day meal on the beaten earth floor below. The men were lounging in the wide door-ways or idly teasing the little mongrel dogs barking in the sun before them. No trace of the great arched roof of the church remained; only the walls were standing, and through the long, narrow windows the palm trees threw their green and yellow branches.

Every one seemed affected by the intense heat. A baker's boy, passing the old archway with a long wicker basket of cakes on his head, stopped to shy a stone at the chickens inside. Groups of men leaned against the walls in the shade, smoking cigarettes and discussing the gossip of the day. The game was finally over and the contestants stretched themselves on the grass, drinking the native wine or gazing up at the flocks of cooing pigeons in the ruined belfry above.

All was intensely quiet and still; a peaceful calm pervaded the atmosphere as a gentle breeze from the south stirred the palm leaves hanging gracefully over the gable of the old church. We were indeed in the land of *manana*.

The center of the city is the *Plaza de la Catedral*, around which the hotels and principal offices and business buildings are gathered. It is a beautiful little square, filled with all kinds of tropical trees and plants surrounding a gushing fountain. The two tall towers of the cathedral from which the park is named rise majestically high above the masses of bright green foliage, their tiled roofs mottled with bits of broken glass flashing in the sunlight. This cathedral is a graceful example of the poetic architecture of old Spain and, although showing in its battered casements and crumbling masonry the ravages of time, is still in use. Narrow streets run from the square in all directions, some up a decline to the French hospital on the mountain side, others down to the market and the piers along the water front. The market is still a busy, interesting place, though it lacks the activity and excitement of "canal days," as they are called. In fact, "canal days" are mentioned with a certain amount of reverence, for then the city was crowded with strangers from all over the world, and the business done by merchants and hotel-keepers was enormous; now it is comparatively dull.

Some of the women are very pretty, those who still retain a trace of the pure Castilian blood particularly so. The higher classes dress in the stylish hats and gowns we see in the North, while those of African and Aztec descent are generally content with a loose flowing white garment

THE PLAZA SAN FRANCISCO, PANAMA



gathered at the shoulders and leaving the arms and bust exposed. Sometimes they add bits of bright red or orange, and the effect with their jet-black hair is quite striking.

The streets as a rule are narrow and crooked, and a pedestrian must keep close to the walls to avoid being knocked over by some heavily burdened donkey or a rickety carriage jolting over the cobble-stones. In the smaller shops glass seems to be a luxury. They are all provided with shutters, and many with awnings hung over sidewalks and a good part of the street. The signs are all in Spanish, except here and there where some enterprising Chinese merchant holds forth with his name painted on red paper running up and down the door-post.

We dined at the principal hotel in the evening and were surprised to find the *table d'hôte* excellent, the service good, and the wines capital. The dining-room was crowded with representatives of different South American countries and with passengers from the steamships in port. Some officers from H. M. S. *Pheasant* sat in front of us, and with them were two naval lieutenants from our steamer on their way to join the United States squadron in China. They had all met before when on duty off the Alaskan sealing grounds, and were enjoying themselves in reviving old memories and drinking to absent comrades. A Spanish family bound for Guatemala were dining on our left, and a group of Americans going to Chili and Peru occupied a table still further down the hall.

A Spanish opera company opened a week's engagement that night, and the performance would undoubtedly have been interesting, but we were completely tired out and thought it best to say good-bye to Panama for that day, and return to our steamer.

It was dark when we reached the landing stairs, now partially submerged by the rising tide. The inner harbor was filled with fishing boats

and luggers drawn up on the beach or riding at anchor in the moonlight. A flight of rough stone steps, hollowed and worn by countless feet, led down to the water's edge and served as a landing for the row-boats moored to the lichen-encrusted piles that rose like a line of grim sentinels above the dancing waves. A babble of hoarse voices came from a drink-shop near by where a crowd of rough sailors were gambling under the sickly yellow light of some



A Ruined Warehouse, Colon

lanterns hung from the ceiling above them. Sounds of laughter, of music and dancing, came through the half-closed shutters of a balconied window and mingled with the coarse song of some drunken idlers in the alley-way below. A fleet of belated fishing boats was drifting slowly in with the gentle breeze, their high peaked sails misty and phantom-like in the darkness and their dusky skippers outlined like graceful specters.

Our boatmen, handsome, bearded fellows, whose picturesque attire brought up memories of the gondoliers of Venice, soon brought us past the dangerous reefs and started down the harbor, softly humming as they rowed the strains of a Spanish song that kept time with the monotonous splash of their oars in the water.

The night lights of the *Pheasant* were bobbing up and down as she rolled in the groundswell far down the bay. In front, under the shadow of the island, the spars of the steamships were hardly discernible through the mist gathering on the horizon. The dull roar of the surf beating on the reefs behind us was the only sound to disturb the stillness, the mysterious calm of a night beneath the Southern Cross. The full moon shone brightly above the city and was reflected in an irregular line of dancing silver till it reached the waves at our feet.

Panama, its gabled roofs and tall cathedral towers forming fantastic shadows in the moonlight, was asleep; asleep as if it had slipped back again into the seventeenth century, when Spanish cavaliers commanded the old fort on the point and black-robed priests ruled the old town in the name of Mary and the Son.

Walter Stearns Hale.

Low Tide. Panama.



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Walter Stearns Hale.

Low Tide. PANAMA.



IN GOLD AND GRAY.

THE hornet stings the amber grape,
Whose skin splits with the honeyed heat :—
Fall hears the long, loud locust beat
Its song out, where, a girl-like shape,
She watches through the wine press' crust
Sweet trickle of the purple must.

The bee clings to the rosy peach,
That thrusts a dryad's cheek between
Long leaves of golden gray and green :—
Fall walks where orchard branches reach
Abundance to her hands, or drop
Their ripeness down to make her stop.

The bitter-sweet and sassafras
Hang yellow beads and crimson-black
Along dim rails, that ramble back
Among the corn where she must pass ;
Where, on her hair, a golden haze
Showers the pollen of the maize.

Not till 'mid sad, wet scents all day
The dreaming cricket lisps its tune,
And underneath the hunter's moon
The oxen plod through clinging clay ;
Or when, beyond the dripping pane,
The night sets in with whirling rain ;

Not till ripe walnuts rain their spice
Of frost-nipped nuts down, and the oak
Pelts with brown acorns, stroke on stroke,
The creek, that slides through hints of ice ;
And in the lane the wagon pulls,
Crunching, through thick-strewn hickory hulls ;

Not till through frosty fogs, that hold
Chill mornings with their phantom night,
Like torches, glimmering through the white,
The woods burn scarlet blurs and gold ;
And through the mist come muffled sounds
Of hunting-horns and baying hounds ;

Shall I on hills, where looming pines
Against vermilion sunsets stand,—
Black ruins in a blood-red land,—
In wrecks of sumach and wild vines,
Go seek her, where she lies asleep,
Her dark, sad eyes too tired to weep.

Madison Carwein.



GEN. A. L. LONG.

ARMISTEAD LINDSAY LONG.

IN an upper chamber of an old Virginia homestead sits, day after day, in enforced seclusion, one of the most interesting of the few historic figures now left upon the stage of those who played prominent parts in the great tragedy of the Southern Confederacy. A landscape of inimitable loveliness unrolls itself beneath his windows: fertile fields, lush meadows, fair gardens breaking into bloom, and beyond all the blue, encircling mountains, those sentinels of freedom which have ever been, with peculiar fitness, the landmarks in all ages of a liberty-loving people.

But the glory of the greening world is not for this old hero. He whose eagle eye once took in at a glance the range of a score of batteries, whose ringing voice cheered on thousands of patriots to do or die, now stands silent and sightless while nature rejoices and all the world laughs for very gladness that spring has come again. But it is not the silence of sullen despair. When the light of life went out twelve years ago, leaving him stricken in the very prime of ripened manhood yet vigorous in mind and body, the chief of artillery of the army of Northern Virginia, Lee's chosen lieutenant and right hand, accepted the stroke as became one who followed the footsteps of his great leader, "greater in defeat than in victory." No accent of repining or discontent has ever been heard to fall from lips accustomed only to the word of command.

It has been well said that to the true heart every misfortune has its

compensation. So these hours of darkness have brought into vivid reality the record of a career worthy to be set in the full radiance of that predecessor to whom Robert Edward Lee was so nearly allied by lineage and character, and whose mantle he was chosen to bear by the people of Virginia—that of Washington himself. For, shortly after the illness which culminated in blindness, and which was directly the result of hardships during the war and the reverses that followed, the great work of his hands, more potent even than the sword he had wielded and more successful, took shape, and, in 1886, was given to the world in the "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee, by A. L. Long, Military Secretary and Chief of Artillery, A. N. V."

This work has been too widely read and appreciated to require any notice here. It is universally conceded to be the best history of the war, as well as the simple, unvarnished, yet eloquent story of a life thoroughly pure and of a character rounded and complete; told as only a soldier could tell it, himself "a plain, blunt man," not given to imagination or the circumlocutions of rhetoric, and therefore the better fitted to record deeds, to eulogize which would be indeed "to paint the lily or gild refined gold."

The success of General Long's book has given rise to a wide-spread curiosity among its readers to know more of the author, who, with characteristic modesty, mentions himself in its pages only when the true history of an event rendered him conspicuous. To all requests for personal data he has invariably returned a kind but decided negative; and only to the earnest solicitations of those most interested in a truthful record of his eventful life has he at length consented to allow an outline of it to be given to the public. Singularly gentle and unassuming, he could never be persuaded that the world took any interest in his work beyond that aroused naturally by its grand subject. The writer of this article has been associated with him in the freedom and intimacy of his own home, and to her General Long at last broke the silence of his retirement, and gave the few details now presented with his sanction.

Armistead Lindsay Long was born in Campbell county, Virginia, near Lynchburg, September 3, 1827. His father was a man of prominence in the commonwealth, full of energy and public spirit; and, though educated at West Point, preferred the typical life of a country gentleman, into which he settled after his marriage with Miss Crawley, a belle of the day. The subject of this sketch was the third son, and was appointed to the military academy at the age of nineteen. Previous to this, Colonel Long had become fired with the popular idea of emigration, and left his comparatively populous native State for the virgin forests and alluvial lands of Kentucky. He remained there, however, only a few years; and on his return to Virginia resided at Amherst C. H. Young Armistead graduated from West Point with a fair record, in 1850, going at once into active service as brevet-lieutenant of Second Artillery, which command was ordered to Florida to hold in subjection the troublesome Seminoles.

From this time he passed through many rapid changes and vivid experiences. From Fort Moultrie, where the fires of secession seemed ready to blaze forth, to Boston, where the case of the fugitive slave laws was the threatened *casus belli*; from Fort Albuquerque, New Mexico, with a Howitzer battery to Fort McHenry in Maryland; from Barcenios, Florida,

to Hunt's Light Battery at Wichita in the Indian Territory, the young officer, full of life, energy and talent, passed with that light-hearted yet earnest devotion to duty which ever distinguished him, little dreaming of the lofty and responsible position to which he was to be called in later years. It was at Fort Leavenworth, where her father, Colonel Sumner, was in command, that Lieutenant Long met the lady who became his wife in the spring of 1860. The following autumn he was transferred to Augusta, Georgia, and here the loyal soldier of the Government was overpowered by the wild conflagration of secession, when the State seized the Fort and captured its stores and officers.

The inauguration of Lincoln was followed by the advancement of experienced men to places of importance; and Brigadier-General Sumner was ordered to succeed Albert Sydney Johnston as commandant of the Pacific coast. The position of aid-de-camp was offered his son-in-law, and the young couple accompanied him to San Francisco. But Virginia seceded; and, like his noble chief, whom thus far he had never met, Captain Long had a sore struggle before deciding to leave the service of the United States and embark in a perilous and uncertain undertaking with his native State. This position was particularly trying, not only because of the close connection with one higher in command through whom promotions would be rapid and certain, but the inevitable separation involving even tenderer ties between General Sumner and his daughter, who did not hesitate in following her husband's fortunes. But the scale of conscience never wavered. Upon announcing his decision to his father-in-law, that noble Roman placed no obstructions in his way, but bade him follow his convictions, and God-speed. Thus in those days of tried and true men, let it be recorded that there were many similar instances where personal interest and devoted attachment gave way to a stern sense of duty; and those who could not share or, perhaps, even understand them, so truly appreciated the character of the men thus influenced that they would heartily give the right hand of fellowship and the meed of sincere approbation. All honor to the Alma Mater of a Nation's sons, in whose fond bosom such kindred souls were nourished, and who could weep, as a true mother, alike over the blue and the gray on the fatal fields of Shiloh and Gettysburg.

With his wife and babe Captain Long now went direct to Richmond and offered his services to the Confederacy. The first interview with General Lee, given in his book, was marked by the extreme simplicity and directness which distinguished both men henceforward to be thrown into such close association, and doubtless led to the selection of the young artillery officer by the far-seeing commander of the Southern armies, for the honorable position of military secretary. In this capacity he accompanied his chief to the coast of Carolina, where he gave valuable assistance in the selection of sites and the distribution of forces. This service, however, is implied rather than stated in the work on Lee; but it is well known that the great Confederate placed peculiar confidence in the judgment of his secretary even before his advancement as head of the artillery, in military disposition, and especially in the ordering of camps and massing of ordnance. This was the case at the two greatest artillery duels of the war, Gettysburg and Fredericksburg. Even now in his sightless old age, the memory of these actions is as vivid as at the time of their occurrence. Every

detail of natural scenery and position of corps and divisions is stamped upon the camera of that wonderful brain, and to hear General Long describe a battle is to *see* it.

When General Lee was appointed to the command of the armies of Virginia, Colonel Long retained his position on the staff; but the following year, 1863, he was ordered to take charge of that important branch of the service for which he seemed fitted by nature and education. This post he held to the close of the war with the ever increasing confidence of his chief, whose military genius shone the more brightly as the sun of the Confederacy went down into the twilight of defeat.

In describing that immemorial day of Appomattox, and the pathetic picture of the great captain in full dress going toward the place of surrender—as one honors the death-ritual of a friend by donning his best clothes—riding slowly, sedately, seriously, upon that good gray horse which had borne him through so many fiery ordeals, this scene is as an etching by a master hand in the words of General Long. But one sees a companion picture, though left unpainted—the strong, brave, leal heart of Lee's coadjutor, who sits silent as the commander rides by, his "dogs of war," those beloved guns, bound as in a leash and forbidden to growl at the hand which dealt the blow, and who dares not breathe the mingled emotions which drown all past and future in one overwhelming present of despair. "He came to me afterwards," the blind old warrior says with soft voice and quiet manner, "and we talked of what had taken place. He made no excuse; he offered no plea. He only said, 'I have done what I think is best for our people.' Only once did he allude to the alternative, and that not with bitterness; for it was want of bread that brought about the end."

And so gently recalling these reminiscences of a great struggle, now almost forgotten in the busy whirl of activities and industries of a reunited country, the bright day dies, and the moon rises over the blue Virginia hills. Through the silence that follows, we seem to hear the voice of one beyond the stars saying to the waiting old soldier, "*Cross over the river, and rest in the shade of the trees.*"

For a decade General Long has resided at Charlottesville, Virginia, whither he removed from Bedford county after the loss of sight put an end to all active pursuits. Here in the bosom of a devoted family consisting of his wife, a son and daughter, the indefatigable pen takes the place of the well-wielded sword. His characteristic chirography is deciphered and copied by the lovely girl who is her father's unwearied assistant in the labor of collating and preparing his articles for the press, besides relieving the tedium of many weary hours by reading aloud such works or papers as he selects. A great affliction befell the hitherto unbroken household, a few years ago, in the death of an older son in the morning of a superb young manhood. This blow was the severer that General Long's health had become precarious; and only the most determined will has sustained him through the literary labors which still continue. He has written several articles for the *North American Review*, by special request of the late Allan Thorndyke Rice, containing personal impressions and recollections of the two great Southern leaders, Lee and Jackson; and is at present engaged upon a work of some length, a military and political history of Andrew Jackson, between whom and the famous "Stonewall" he finds a strong and interesting parallel.

In estimating the character of the Confederate commander-in-chief, one remark is made by General Long which deserves special attention, inasmuch as it is verified by such authority as the head of the British army, Lord Wolseley. "In all his campaigns," says the historian, "it can be affirmed of Lee what has been claimed for no other great military leader that, in tactics or strategy, *he never makes a mistake*. Alexander and Cæsar were guilty of some amazing *faux pas*; Napoleon had his Waterloo, and Washington his Brandywine; but at no time did Lee fail to grasp the full situation, or to use the best means for defense or attack. And it was only under circumstances beyond the power of mortal to foresee or avert that his resplendent genius succumbed. He who rules in the armies of Heaven was the arbiter of the Confederacy."

Clara Dargan Maclean.

[The foregoing article was written a few weeks before the death of General Long, by a lady who knew him well, and had unusual opportunities of discovering the admirable and exalted traits of character which she touchingly describes. The article is published by the authority of the general's widow.—EDITOR.]

MISS BELLE'S LOVERS.

SHE was the most independent creature, this girl! Her beautiful eyes always had a defiant, nobody's-got-any-strings-to-me expression in them. Perhaps that was the reason why half the young men in Grantville were forever at her feet. Certain it is that, while most of the budding young females of this Western village were duly and properly happy in the possession of one "solid" fellow apiece, Belle Champion was usually credited with the ownership of several "fellows." The fact that there were several of them militated against either the general public or the swains themselves being able to discover the elements of "solidity" in any one particular person.

The solution of the problem was doubtless to be found in the delight with which the average male worships at the shrine of the odd. For, in the eyes of that community, Miss Belle was most unmistakably odd. In the huge human menagerie before which you, dear reader, may happen to have your daily beat, it is possible, nay, probable that Miss Belle would have passed quite unnoticed, because the odd types of a town are too many to think of; but in Grantville this determined young person was sufficiently unique.

It was not, and had never been, the custom of Miss Belle Champion, when introduced to a young gentleman, to blush, look pleased and bent on immediate conquest. She had a way of looking at people for the first time that left them much in doubt as to whether she had seen them at all, or, if she had seen them, whether she approved of them. She had a voice that was somewhat loud and piercing. She was inveterately outspoken. She used slang,—such slang! Where she collected all her odd turns of

speech and phrase would have been an awful mystery, had it not been for the fact that she had a fashion of haunting her father's store, whither came a great many commercial travelers, known in that Western country as "runners." Sometimes Mr. Champion asked some of these brisk young men to come and take dinner with him ; in such cases it was almost certain that he went away imbued with the idea that Miss Belle was a "dandy from 'way up the creek," leaving her, in return for the good impression of her that he was carrying away, several new and choice morsels of slang with which to astonish the neighborhood.

Miss Belle had been to Chicago. She had not been enamored of it, and she was fearless in enunciation of that fact. She was willing to shout for it to the last vestige of her breath when it came to a question of the superiority of Chicago or New York ; but as a matter of individual taste as against patriotism, she declared that "Grantville was good enough for her." She had been born there, had lived there all her life, knew everybody there, and was known of everybody. With all her oddities, she was steadfast in her love for the home place. Nor was that love much to be wondered at.

Grantville was one of those villages with which the great middle West is dotted almost as thickly as a flypaper is with flies. It was the county-seat ; the village was built on the checkerboard plan, and the "down-town" portion of it was nearly all comprised in the four sides of the "square," and in that middle space was a park for the improvement of which funds were incessantly wanting ; the court-house was a block away from the square. In every direction of the compass the village spread its pretty little cottages, its gardens and its shade-trees. The activity of the place as a market-town might always be gauged by the number of teams hitched up to the iron railing of the square.

In the days before the invasion of the railroads, Grantville had been a much more important place, for the farmers had then been obliged to come by wagon from the uttermost borders of the county, while now there were numerous other, though smaller, villages that took to themselves some of the trade that once was the portion of the county-seat. It was a farming country, and, in the main, a prosperous one. The tradition had long obtained that crops never failed in that county. There was no "boom," but farmers kept on getting more and more comfortable in this world's goods, and finally moving into town and sending their children to the high-school or the academy. As a center of culture, Grantville ranked high. The number of churches was very gratifying, and there seemed always to be a new one being put up. The opera-house was the best that any Western town of like size could boast. There were three weekly papers, and splendid educational facilities. Society went hand in hand with the church. Church sociables took the place of the *salon*. Led on by the stirring example of one talented young woman, whose artistic talents formed the subject of many eulogiums from the State press, the maids and matrons of Grantville were perpetual in the effort to master the secrets of painting in oils, in water colors and on china. It even possessed some slight claim on a certain young author who was reported to be "rising" (whatever that might be), in that he had spent a year of his life in the place and still came back at odd intervals to spend hours or days with friends and relations. There was not a saloon in the place, and when some of the flightier young-

sters so far forgot themselves as to journey towards the great Mississippi and on its banks imbibe waters not of the river, the lamentation in Grantville was deep and ominous. In a few words, Grantville was a most delightful town, and the pink of everything proper. That was why unconventionality astonished it so much.

In most ways, Belle Champion was distinctly unconventional. She never had been known to attempt the subjugation of any manly heart; her position had always, even from the time of short dresses, been that of a blind goddess who would require a deal of wooing, and who would always be the victress rather than the conquered. In general, she was hail-fellow-well-met with the boys. She looked them clearly in the eye, and talked to them with hardly any perceptible reserve. She was outspoken in her opinions, and never showed any hesitation about criticising others. In appearance, Miss Champion was tall, somewhat pale of complexion, with large gray eyes and the profile of a Cæsar. If you wanted to, you could read all sorts of dreams within her eyes; but that only lasted until she spoke. She was the avowed foe of sentimentality, and detested boys who, as she put it, "slopped over."

Thus it came that, at the time when most of her schoolmates were either getting married or engaged, Belle Champion was apparently the mistress of several hearts, but certainly the owner in fee simple of none. When one of Grantville's boys came back to the town after a few years stay in Colorado or Chicago, one of the first questions as he shook hands with his old acquaintances was sure to be, "Well, how's Belle Champion? Married yet?" And then would be told the tale of those now worshipping at the shrine. Presently the newly arrived one would meet Belle herself. How pretty she looked, and what a clear, independent gaze that was of hers! They used to have such cosy chats, so full of common sense. "Ah, Belle," he would say, shaking her hand, "you're looking better than ever."

"Oh," would be the reply, "I'm so's to be about. You're looking natural, too. Try and get around to the house."

"H'm. I'd like to. But I'm told there's a light in the window for—not me. It mightn't be safe. I'd hate to interrupt—"

"I wouldn't believe everything, if I were you. You come right over, and I'll see nobody hurts you." And she walked on, smiling, and leaving the young man little but the impression of her cheerful lack of the romantic.

When he made his call, he sat opposite to her, and listened to her rapid recital of Grantville's social news. She was a mine of information; she knew of all the engagements, all the pending marriages, and even of those that were wished for. When it came to a question of herself she laughed. "Oh," she said, "I get left every time. I guess I'm bound to be an old maid. Isn't it too bad? New watch? Yes; Harry Chapin sent it to me Christmas. He's a runner for a Kansas City house, and swell! Well, I want to tell *you*! Paw brought him over to dinner one time, and, say, he's just been real polite to me since. I didn't want to take the watch; but Will (that's my brother) said it would be all right, and I knew it would give the other girls here something to talk about, so I didn't return it to Harry. O, 'd'I tell you about Tom McBean? He's mashed on a girl from Des Moines that visited here with

the Masons last summer. They were both in the camping-out party that went down to Willow Creek, and now he thinks there's nobody like her. We weren't any of us good enough for him, after that. Oh, I tell you, it's a pity about me." Tom McBean had once been what Grantville chose to term "on Belle Champion's list."

It was almost exactly such a conversation that took place between Belle Champion and Gene Albers, just returned from what was known in Grantville as "the West," which meant anything between Colorado and the Pacific coast.

When he had asked one of the boys about Belle, he had learned that Will Broughton, who had the new restaurant on the West Side (of the square) was very attentive to her, that Charlie Kraus called on her every time he got in "off the road," and that the new minister at the Second United Presbyterian Church was taking her home from prayer-meeting with much care and excessive politeness. From Belle herself he learned many other things that discouraged him exceedingly; he had always liked Belle better than any girl he had ever known, but he had never felt himself to be at all in the running. And, now that he had come back after quite a prolonged absence, he seemed to himself to be further out of reach of her than ever.

In that part of the West, the most satisfactory *tete-a-tete* that the young man of the day has yet discovered is found within the immediate boundaries of that popular institution, the buggy-ride.

As an American institution, the buggy-ride has to a great extent been neglected in our literature. Yet, if the first causes of things were to be ferreted out, it would be safe to wager that buggy-rides have a vast deal to do with the happy conclusions of most of our American courtships. It is doubtful whether all the young men who have enjoyed the pleasures of a buggy-ride in the company of their adored one have realized its beauties as poetically as has Eugene Field, in his "Lover's Lane, Saint Jo;" but that poem is certainly very expressive of the romance of this popular, but little exploited, institution. You are alone with nature and the one you love best. The reins may go hang—where they will; your horse is wise in the way of lovers, and you may say what sweet nothings you please, and no one shall be the worse or the wiser. Because She is with you, even the most level of prairie farms will become enchantingly picturesque for you, and if your way pass through shady woods, why, fairyland has nothing prettier to show you. If the ordinary, almost shabby looking buggy that reposes under the dust of the village livery stable in every American village could tell its tale, what charming, simple romances, what oft-repeated words of love, what pictures of maidens won and wooing men, could be unfolded! You, dear reader, who, as I begin to suspect from the way you have frowned down these just-written lines, are a dweller among the worshipers of the conventionalities with which the life of the young girl is hedged in metropolitan places, probably hold that for a young lady to go out driving alone with a young man to whom she is not engaged is, to say the least, exceedingly bad form, and a distinct transgression of etiquette. Looking at it from your point of view, you are probably right. But you forget that America is not in its cities, and that the real American girl is not to be found there.

Daisy Miller, whom you despise and declare impossible, is a very real

presentiment of a very real creature ; in the homes of the people there are countless such maidens, as naive, as impetuous, as guileless and fearless. The East is making converts to etiquette daily, but there are still vast territories where holds the old-time conviction that it is perfectly safe to allow the American girl to adjust her system of etiquette for herself by the white light of her own conscience. The motto of the Western girl is "*Sans peur, sans reproche, et sans chaperon!*" Wherefore, when any one against whom she has no special grudge asks her to go buggy-riding, this sort of girl (and a very nice sort of girl it is) says "yes" without thinking twice. When 'Gene Albers proposed this diversion to Belle Champion, on the second day after his return to Grantville, she smiled her approval of the scheme; and Gene went joyously towards the livery-barn, to stand there with his hands in his pockets and a song in his heart while the ostler hitched up a single rig.

The day was sunny and the air was soft. To young Albers the hope of telling Belle something of the worship he had for her was very real and very pleasant. But somehow, in all those moments of their drive, the moment never came. Belle seemed so unromantic ! It hurt him, somehow, that, while the occasion, the day, and her presence, filled him with a tender sentiment, there was nothing but cool common sense shining out of her eyes, nothing but a spirit of independence, of *noli-me-tangere* breathing from her lips.

No ; the moment never came. It was dusk when they returned. Belle had enjoyed the drive ; oh yes, immensely. Young Albers felt that his opportunity was gone. Nay, more, he divined that she did not care for him at all ; that, as he had suspected, he was very far out of the running. What did it matter who the favored one was ? He hoped the man was worthy, and surely the man who had Belle Champion's love must be worthy. And the following day 'Gene Albers boarded the train for the West once more.

Concerning which departure, and the buggy-ride of the day before, Grantville had much to speculate. The conclusion most generally agreed to was that a marriage had been, as the society papers say, "arranged." As for Belle, she said nothing about it ; she was as blithe and fearless in her speech as ever. She still declared that it was a great pity about her, that all her beaux had left her, while all the other girls were passing in to Hymen's state ; but people merely smiled at her, and figuratively told themselves that she couldn't humbug them with any fairy tales of that sort. When Charlie Kraus next "struck" the town, he was soon informed that Lochinvar had come out of the West and stolen Miss Belle Champion's heart.

"Just my luck," growled Charlie, "always that way. I wait till it is too late. Well, there's Mame Ditton up at Mt. Pleasant."

It was true that young lady was there, and moreover when he asked her about it more particularly, she declared that she was there for him. And when the news of that engagement reached Belle, she made a comical face, and said :

"What 'd I tell you, paw ? I'm going to get left, you see 't I don't."

But the young Presbyterian minister took her home from prayer-meeting that evening, and old Mr. Champion smiled quietly to himself. That his daughter should not jump at the first who might come seemed

to him eminently just and proper ; did he not know that there was not, in all the place, a better girl than Belle, and was it not for her to pick and choose ?

Belle was walking home from her father's store, when she came face to face with Will Broughton.

"You're a nice friend, I think," she exclaimed ; " why don't you come and see any one ? " Will got red, and sputtered through an incoherent excuse. He had supposed he was not wanted any more ; he had heard that she had no time to spare now for any one but —

Here Belle interrupted :

"Somebody's been telling you things that aren't so," she declared. " I thought you'd forgotten I was on earth. Oh, Will, they're fixing to get up another camping-out crowd this summer ; you want to be along. Do you remember last year ? Fun ! I thought I should have gone up ! You come along to the house 'most any time."

The load seemed to lift from Will Broughton's heart, and he felt the joy of hope coming back into his life. So that report about her engagement to young Albers was only a mistake, after all ! He called on her that very evening. He thought she had never looked so pretty before. She sat opposite him, in the rocking-chair, swaying back and forth in the dim light, her clear eyes shining and her voice resonant. The words were on the tip of his tongue, oh how often ! Always it seemed to him that it was quite absurd to expect so perfect, so self-possessed a young woman to ally herself to any one so ordinary as himself. Yet the momentous words were again in that twilight-land between the brain and the lips, when Belle, in that impetuous manner of hers, said :

"Oh, you've got to be sure and be at the church festival over at the Second Church to-morrow. We're going to have a dinner. The Reverend Morse is going to sit down with me. The other girls don't like it a little bit that I've got a minister on the string, and that's why I go with him. Say, it's *more fun* !"

Will said to himself that this was merely her gentle way of breaking the news to him. So the young minister had won her ? Well, some men had all the luck.

Grantville was nonplussed. It certainly did seem as if the young preacher would presently be calling in a brother in the church to perform for him the rites of matrimony. Harry Chapin, down in Kansas City, heard of it, and said something to himself about absence and a fond heart, and decided that the next time he stopped off at Leavenworth he wouldn't be so cool to that pretty girl out at the Fort.

The Reverend Morse had just eaten an excellent dinner at the house of his wealthiest parishioner. He felt that fate had no terrors for him. Of course, he had long ago determined that Belle Champion was the wife for him, but it had always seemed that there was plenty of time. Still, things seemed to be coming his way so splendidly to-day that he thought it was the chosen moment for proposing to Belle. It was prayer-meeting night ; he would walk home with her.

It happened, as the young minister was helping Belle on with her jacket, that something caught her watch-chain, and the next instant the watch and chain had dropped out on to the floor. He stooped to pick it up, and she took it from him with a solicitous look on her face. She

held it up to her ear, and then breathed heavily, her face clearing up quickly.

"It's all right, I guess," she said. "I'd hate to have had anything to happen to that watch. It's the one Harry Chapin gave me, and I just think the world of it." She held it up to him to inspect, but he only looked at it absently and was very silent on the way home.

Who can tell the thoughts of that girl, as the years went by? She smiled, she laughed, she chatted as blithely as ever; she was as independent, as fearless, as outspoken. Grantville kept on announcing fresh engagements with her as fiancée, and she seemed to show as little favoritism as ever. As she put it once:

"You girls let the boys do all sorts of nice things for you, and you never pay them back, unless it's your solid man. I'm fond of all the boys, and I appreciate them ever so much, and I'm going to be just as nice to one as to the other. Oh, of course, there's some I don't think such heaps of, but I'm talking of the boys right in our crowd."

That was what she *said*. But who shall say whether despair ever came to her? Who shall say whether a fierce impulse never moved her to question Fate?

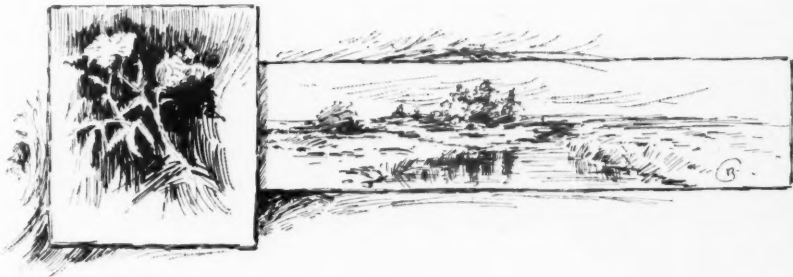
Toward the end, when there was a newer generation in Grantville, and when numerous little ones flocked about Miss Belle's chair and called her "Auntie Belle," it was a little child that brought from Belle Champion's lips the pathetic sentence that summed up her whole life.

"Oh, Auntie Belle," said little curly-head, "why didn't 'oo ever get married?"

For an instant or two Auntie Belle looked far away into years that were gone. Then she put her white and wrinkled hand on curly-head's shoulder.

"Because," she replied softly, "nobody ever asked me."

J. Percival Pollard.



MANIAC OR DEMONIAC ?



Y friend, Dr. Ellicot, was about as prosaic a specimen of the country doctor, transplanted after middle age into a city practice, as one could find with a search warrant. Well up in his professional reading, if not learned ; eminently respectable and conservative ; very kind ; very attentive ; willing to chat all morning with a patient who needed gossip more than medicine, he was an ideal physician for elderly ladies, and solid but superannuated business men.

Having ordinarily no more imagination than the bay bob-tailed pony, which, with a sober six-mile-an-hour jog, conducted him on his daily round of visits, he was exceptional in one respect—just where one would never look for it in a doctor. Who would suspect a doctor, educated in a dissecting-room, accustomed to usher, if not to assist, people out of this world into the next, and habituated to regard with purely scientific curiosity many things which to laymen appear closely connected with spiritual mysteries—who would suspect a doctor of being superstitious ? Yet Dr. Ellicot was superstitious. He denied it, of course ; nevertheless, you could arrest his attention whenever you pleased with a good ghost story of the kind to make the hair grow crisp. He liked to listen to such stories and, when in the humor, would tell them. Not your modern spiritualistic stuff—faint and spurious echoes of a real robust belief in the supernatural—but tales of the old-fashioned, grave-yard ghosts, and gospels of veritable demonology. He gave these recitals with an unction evincing an honest appreciation of the theme and of no small belief ; notwithstanding, he always affected some explanation, usually quite feeble, that might remit the phenomena described, however ghostly in appearance, to the domain of the natural ; and it was easy to see that he entertained no hearty wish to have his explanation accepted. To do him justice, he was a close and rather shrewd observer, not only in the line of his profession but of men generally ; and while his conclusions were not profound, perhaps, they were usually correct.

One day he dropped in to see me when I was suffering from one of my periodical attacks of malarial neuralgia. Not that it was at all necessary that I should have sent for him, inasmuch as I well knew what he would prescribe and, indeed, already had the remedial drugs at hand ; but I felt that his presence would be a sedative ; and I wanted a long talk with one who knew all that was to be told. The doctor, as I have already intimated, was an able and erudite gossip, and was, on that account, capital company for a man bed-ridden or home-bound. But he was quite capable of interesting me on many subjects which had come within his professional observation and study, and which were as novel to me as they were entertaining. Moreover, as utterly without humor or any appreciation of it as an ox or an ass, he had a quaint, matter-of-fact way of relating the incidents, some of them ludicrous enough, which occurred in his practice ; and also of describing his patients and their peculiarities, which was all the more comic to his hearers because so serious to himself.

Upon this occasion, after some twenty minutes of small talk, the doctor prepared to leave.

"Are you really compelled to go?" I asked. "Have you many visits yet to make?"

"No," he answered, "I'm pretty nearly through. I've only got to see two more, and they don't particularly care to see me. One is old Mrs. Flowerseed. Hers is one of the most interesting cases you ever heard of. Of course it is very sad, and all that, but quite interesting. It's hypochondria. She fancies herself an opossum. When anything startles her, she feigns death after the manner of that little animal. I wish you could see her. I believe you know her daughter, Ann Eliza; a very fine girl indeed, and except for that scar on the bridge of her nose, quite pretty, I think. Well, Ann Eliza nurses her mother in the most tender and devoted fashion. It is affecting to witness it. Ann Eliza, however, has a pet pug. It's the most disgusting dog of my acquaintance, but I must confess it can be useful. Ann Eliza, of course, has that little brute everlastingly with her; she brings it into her mother's room; just so soon as the old lady sees that pug, she remembers that she is a 'possum and dies. It's the most natural performance you ever saw. She curls up on the bed with her eyes shut tight, and her mouth expanded into the ghastliest grin conceivable. Lord! the first time I saw it I was terrified. Strange to say, Ann Eliza don't know that it's the pug that makes her mother die so much more frequently than formerly. The girl is city bred and knows nothing of the natural antipathy between 'possums and dogs. 'Doctor,' she said to me, 'what can have gotten into ma?' The old lady had been playing 'possum then for more than an hour. 'These spells continue much longer now than when she first had them.'

"Oh, my dear," I said, 'it's nothing, and it's better for her to be quiet.'

"Yes, it's better than to have her trying to climb up the bed-post or crawl into the closet; and when she's this way, it's some relief that she isn't begging for pawpaws and persimmons. By the way, doctor, do 'possums feed exclusively upon pawpaws and persimmons?"

"In their wild state, my dear, they use these fruits very extensively as articles of diet. It's quite natural that your mother, when she's restless, should want them.'

"All this time, I didn't drop a hint about the pug. The fact is, the pug was doing excellent service. The old lady needed rest. Climbing and crawling around as she had been, it was shocking."

After expressing proper commiseration for Mrs. Flowerseed, I asked who was the other patient he had yet to see.

"Only Frank Bradley. But, good gracious! he's in a bad way with gout. He's got a lively case. He's been hard at work for two years past getting up that case; and in spite of all, he will drink. Can't stop him. I go in, smell the brandy on his breath, and know as well as I know my own name that the nigger has just taken the bottle away. Yet, when I tax him with it, he looks me right square in the eyes, and swears by his hopes of salvation that he hasn't touched a drop since he has been laid up. I can't understand why men will lie that way. I don't think I could lie like that if I was as sick as he, especially with gout."

"Well, now," I urged, "you have conclusively proven that you need be in no hurry. The pug and the bottle will keep your remaining patients entertained. You can stay here and have your talk out. Sit down and make yourself comfortable."

He resumed his seat, as I expected, and after a few minutes of discursive chat, I made some allusion to Slade, of whose performances in the line of spiritual manifestations the newspapers were then full.

"Slade be hanged," spluttered the doctor. "I really beg your pardon, but such stuff as they get off about that fellow might make a saint swear. It isn't possible now that you credit that sort of thing? That is to say, you surely don't believe that spirits have anything to do with it?"

"Perhaps I do, and maybe I don't. It is extremely inconsistent, however, in a professed ghost-seer and believer to express such skepticism and contempt."

"Not in the least," he returned warmly. "I put my faith in the real ghost, the genuine article; not in a timber-fingered imitation that tilts and taps tables and commits all sorts of nauseous, undignified follies, of which only a fool in the flesh could be capable. Besides, I never told you I had actually seen a ghost."

"Then," I said, "you're a fraud. No man has a right to speak so authoritatively on such a subject unless he has seen ghosts. I do not remember your having told me that you had seen one; but, of course, I had a right to infer that you had."

He grinned and chuckled at this with great satisfaction, like an artist who has encountered an appreciative critic.

"Come now," I continued; "haven't you seen a ghost? Just one, at least? Admit that knowledge so minute, and apparently so accurate, cannot be altogether theoretical, but is based, to some extent, on personal observation."

To my surprise, his rubicund face lost its merry expression and grew almost pale. He gazed fixedly at me for some seconds with a look that had in it something that was whimsically ludicrous, but more that was pathetic. At length he spoke in a lower and confidential tone, glancing, as he did so, furtively around the room, and immediately smiling as it were, at his own uneasiness.

"You will think I'm a trifle off—touched in the upper story—I fear, when I finish what I'm about to tell you," he said; "but, upon my soul, I must tell it. I've wanted to tell some one for a month, and I have been ashamed to do so. The fact is, I had an infernally strange experience—now I didn't wish to let slip that word 'infernally,' but I'm not sure it isn't just the right one;—anyhow, it *was* strange."

"Some three or four weeks since, I received a summons to call in haste at the Kimball House, to see a guest represented to be seriously ill. I went at once, and was shown to the patient's room. I found him suffering acutely, but with no alarming symptoms. He told me that he was a martyr to dyspepsia, and I discovered that he was troubled with some nervous complication I never could exactly make out. However, my patient was a curious specimen, and I found it much more difficult to arrive at an understanding of the man than of his malady. He was a tall, spare, sinewy fellow, apparently forty-five or six years old. His features were regular, and his face should have been handsome, yet it was one of the most forbidding and disagreeable I have ever seen. It was not altogether because its expressions were cynical and sinister, and, in that respect, clearly an index to his character; but it gave one who looked steadily at it the impression that it was, in some sort, a mask behind which there might

be another face or personality inconceivably repulsive and dangerous. His complexion was a waxy yellow, his lips as livid as ashes and drawn in two thin lines over white teeth that could always be seen. His eyes were small and set closer together than I have ever seen in any other human head. They were black—Great Caesar, how black! and yet they shone with a metallic glitter that seemed to come from within. But never had I seen or heard of eyes of such shape as they were. They were absolutely protuberant and pointed like acorns. When the fellow would become animated in speech, as he always did when reciting some peculiarly revolting episode of a wholly dissipated, wicked, brutal life (for he finally got to talk to me as confidentially as if I were his confessor), his eyes seemed to dart out of their sockets like the heads of snakes thrust out of their holes. I am sure I once saw them collide across his nose."

"Oh, doctor!"

"I'll swear—well, of course, that was an exaggeration; but indeed the effect was very singular.

"To make a long story short, I became quite intimate with my certainly not prepossessing patient. I took an unusually strong interest in his case, and a stronger in himself and his history. I soon discovered that I couldn't cure him, and could do little to relieve him. Symptoms that ought to have readily yielded to treatment were apparently only aggravated by it; others would disappear for a few days, only to return as bad as ever. New and puzzling developments were constantly meeting me when I was proceeding with most confidence. At last I watched his case with little hope, but with intense curiosity. I was demoralized, too, by finding out that he had not the slightest faith that I could do him any good. It was no ordinary timidity, no breaking down of the nerves under the strain of disease, or pusillanimous dread of death, such as I had often seen assail courageous men on a sick bed. He seemed not only to realize his condition fully as well as I did, but to be aware of something outside of and beyond his case, as I saw it, which gave him to understand that he could not get well.

"He talked with me freely about his past life, and a worse life it would not be easy to imagine. Many a man has been justly lodged in the State's prison who was an angel of light compared with this wretch. He told me, not only without shame and reserve but absolutely with satisfaction and glee, of acts for which he ought to have been burned at the stake. Treacheries and profligacies at which a savage might have blushed; gambling transactions in which he had, without scruple, employed unfair means to ruin boon companions; duels and street fights, but little if any better than sheer assassinations; and he seemed to gloat and lick his lips over the blood he had so shed. I listened to him with horror, and yet with an avidity I could not explain to myself. I was more irresistibly attracted, fascinated, by this black soul whom I loathed, than by any of the friends I have loved. At length I began to detect a strange peculiarity in these narratives of which he never tired. I noticed that when he spoke of his earlier life—his life, indeed, up to the approach of middle age—he did so with a tone and sentiment very different from that with which he was accustomed to horrify me. It was seldom, however, that he alluded to his earlier life at all. Once or twice he mentioned, in what connection I can not remember, some trivial events of his childhood. He referred as often to some

matters which had occurred in his youth. More frequently, he spoke of trials, struggles and privations which had beset the first years of his manhood. I can not say that he exhibited much of human, or creditable, or anything of tender feeling in these brief passages; but they were rather marked by an absence of the cruel, sneering, malevolent animus which was his characteristic.

“He once spoke of something which happened when he was a boy at a country school. He had occasion to mention his mother's name and that of a sister. He used no word of affection; but for a moment his head drooped, his fierce, pointed eyes withdrew into their lurking places, and his voice was perceptibly softened.

“One day he was telling me an incident of his college life. He spoke almost regretfully of one who had been his close companion. ‘Charlie was a good fellow,’ he said, ‘and very delicate. I roomed with him nearly two years, and used to nurse him.’ I started with astonishment and positive fear, for not twenty minutes previously he had related how he had killed, in some brutal orgy, a man of the same name—an old acquaintance, he said. And he had boastfully recited how he had taken advantage of this ‘Miss Nancy’s’ first drinking bout to fasten a quarrel upon him, and to shoot him under circumstances which enabled him to convince a jury that he had acted in self-defense. The offense, by his own statement, was a mere trifle; yet he seemed to revel in the reminiscence, and heaped scorn and execration on the memory of his victim.

“He told me that for several years after he had attained manhood he suffered the direst poverty and the bitterest disappointments. Again, I was astonished. For while not saying it directly or seeming desirous of conveying such an impression, he yet unmistakably, and, as it were, unconsciously, gave me to understand that he had long maintained his integrity, and, resisting temptation in every shape, had regulated his conduct by the dictates of duty. I say I think he produced this impression unconsciously and unintentionally (he certainly did produce it); for, to do him justice, a very fiend could not have had a profounder contempt for a good reputation and less wish to claim credit for any proper sentiment.

“He spoke of the severe needs and the galling difficulties of those days with bitterness, indeed, but not bitterness against mankind or individuals. On the contrary, he seemed strangely but earnestly to personify fate—destiny—as a sentient, malignant being; and against this hostile power all of his resentment had been then turned.

“It gradually dawned on me, after listening to repeated revelations of this kind, that at some period of his history (as well as I could fix it about ten or twelve years antecedent to the time when I knew him), a great and sudden change had occurred in the fortunes, and a corresponding change in the character, of this man. He had been suddenly rescued from disaster, and had risen as suddenly to vast wealth and the influence which wealth and unscrupulous energy can give. What wrought this change, and how, my curiosity, of course, grew red-hot to know. My most ingenious efforts to worm out this secret from my habitually communicative patient, were fruitless, however. He invariably divined what I was after, and was moved thereby to diabolic mirth. I never saw him so tickled as when, on one occasion after a signal failure of this kind, I lost my good humor and intimated my belief that he had murdered some miserly mil-

lionaire and gotten his money. He relished the suggestion beyond measure.

"But from that date, whenever it was, his life had been abandoned, vicious, relentless, given up to selfish indulgence, stained with crime, baneful to other men. Evil for its own sake, hate without cause or reason seemed to have been the rule of this later life; pity or remorse, or any kindly, human feeling, were I to judge by what he told of himself, had become incomprehensible to him. He sneered at honor and honesty as myths; only fools and cowards, he said, knew scruples, and conscience was merely a high-sounding name for fear.

"I had been in daily attendance on this person for more than two weeks; had visited him, indeed, on the morning of that day when his servant came for me post haste.

"'Mr. Malvin is taken mighty bad,' he said; 'is goin' on like a man ravin' distracted and must see you at once.'

"I hurried to the hotel and to his room. Even before I opened the door I could distinctly hear his labored breathing and his curses coming thick upon each other. As I entered, he was pacing rapidly across the room, and he turned abruptly upon me. His short, black hair was bristling like that of an enraged cat; foam was dripping from his lips, mixed with flecks of blood where his gnashing teeth had wounded them; and a glare seemed emitted not so much from his eyes as from his entire countenance. Never on mortal face had I seen—never, I hope, will I again see—an expression of such demoniac wrath, fear, hate and despair.

"He strode up to me and yelled rather than spoke: 'You are a pretty doctor. Do you mean to let a man die and go to hell before your eyes? Do you mean to say that I am to be taken off at fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock to-night, and with all your skill, and drug stores full of your medicines, you can't save me?'

"I had already been inclined to doubt his sanity. His appearance, demeanor and language now fully convinced me that he was a maniac. It was with no slight alarm, therefore, that I found myself alone with him, for the servant had not followed me into the room.

"'Mr. Malvin,' I said, 'all that my skill could suggest has been done for you. All that it can yet advise shall be done, if you will permit it. Your present apprehensions, I trust, are unfounded, and I beg—'

"'Curse your long-winded palaver,' he shouted. 'I know you're a humbug. I know your profession, your art and all that is taught in it is humbug and fraud from the ground up. But, I say, am I to die and go to hell? If you can do nothing, must I send for a preacher, a slick-haired, canting, hypocritical, cold-nosed pulpit hound, and see if he can't strike some trail that will lead me to safety? What say you to that, you fraud?'

"'It may be very well to do so,' I replied. 'If you really wish it, I will instantly send for a minister.'

"'No, d—n you,' he fairly shrieked. 'Have a preacher here locked up with me?' He seemed to shudder at the thought. 'Fire and water, heaven and hell would be better mated. No, don't be a fool, but suggest something that can really help.'

"'I shall first suggest, and I must insist on that, that you be more calm. So long as you are in this state of excitement nothing can be done for you.' He broke out again into a torrent of oaths and exclamations.

"'Mr. Malvin,' I at length said firmly, 'if you will not lie down and try, at least, to be quiet, I can not hope to be of service, and will immediately leave you.'

"'O, don't leave me,' he pleaded. 'Stay with me, for God's sake. I can not, I must not ever be left alone again. And somehow I trust to you for aid.' As he said this, he glanced about him with a look of indescribable terror and, pressing his hands to his head, groaned bitterly.

"I had at length obtained some control of him, however, and I proceeded to improve it. I insisted that he should lie down; and, although after doing so he tossed restlessly for an hour or two, the fatigue he had undergone while under the tremendous excitement in which I had found him, and the resultant nervous prostration, reconciled him to keeping his bed. The strong sedatives I administered also took effect. His ravings subsided into rapid, coherent and tolerable temperate conversation, which in turn became subdued into low mutterings as he became somnolent. Even after he was apparently asleep, this muttering continued, although indistinct and unintelligible.

"By the time that he had become quiet, night had fallen; I was sitting by his bedside, for he had exacted a promise from me that I would remain with him during the night.

"His servant was also in the room, but I believe, poor fellow, would rather have been anywhere else in the world.

"Malvin lay in this semi-comatose condition for some two hours. Then suddenly his eyes snapped open and he raised himself to a sitting posture. He was perfectly awake and alert. His attention was first directed to the servant, who at that moment—the night was quite chilly—was throwing some coal on the grate. 'You d—d hound!' Malvin hissed, in a white heat of wrath; 'are you doing h—ll work here? Won't I have fire enough shortly, without your roasting me now? Stop that, you scoundrel, or I'll riddle you with my revolver.'

"The servant, who always seemed in mortal fear of him, dropped the scuttle and fled from the room.

"I touched his forehead and pulse and found him in a burning fever. He immediately began to talk, and I was unable to check him. I soon lost all desire to do so, such was the weird interest which his strange manner and talk aroused. He was again laboring under strong mental excitement, but not now running into frenzy and distraction. On the contrary, his faculties, while at the extremest tension, were concentrated, clear and apparently under full control.

"'Doctor,' he said, 'you have often asked me when it was that a great change took place in my character and my life; a change, you said, you felt sure must have occurred from all that I told you of myself. I will now tell you when it happened in respect of my rule of conduct, my circumstances, and I say, though you perhaps would not, my luck. What occasioned this change, I leave you to judge. I trust you will not be such a fool as to believe it—what I sometimes think it was.' Here he attempted a smile, which was instantly distorted into a grimace, as of intense pain, and he glanced around the room with another wild, scared glance. 'Just ten years ago to-night,' he continued, 'I was lying awake in bed, thinking over a life of chronic disaster and of repeated, humiliating failure. I was nearly thirty-five years of age, and I had experienced almost

every form of misfortune. My childhood had been cheerless, for my father was killed by an accident before I was born, and my mother died in poverty when I was only eight years old.

“My youth was desolate and friendless ; for, when I was sixteen, my only surviving relative, a sister, married a missionary to India, went there with him, and I have never heard of her since. I studied hard at the little school I attended as a boy, and worked faithfully afterwards to gain the pittance which took me through college. I was ungainly and unpopular. The students laughed at my awkward, shambling manner, and I fancied the professors treated me slightly because of my poverty. Only one man showed me kindness—a young fellow in the same classes with me. He made me share his room. That was Charlie Clark, and—after a pause—it would have been better for him had he never seen me. I passed through college and read law. I commenced the practice in a small town in Tennessee ; worked like a slave for business and at business, when I got any ; and, at the end of the first year, was disbarred for a dirty trick played by an associate in a case but fastened on me. He was quite an eminent lawyer ; he made me do all the work in the case ; he pocketed all the fee ; and I was made the scapegoat for his sin.

“I went to New Orleans and obtained employment at a small salary in a grocery store. I angered my employer, after a week or two, when he was drinking, and was discharged. So it went on. One year after another was but a record of similar disappointments, hard effort, unremitting toil. As all fools are bid to be by the smart ones of the world, I was very obedient, industrious, honest and conscientious.

“At length I was offered inducements to go to Mexico in a commercial venture, of which I was promised a large share of the profits if it proved successful. I took charge of the matter, and for the first time in my life was fortunate. I came back to New Orleans at the end of two years with about sixty thousand dollars. The spur of necessity no longer stung me, and I sought pleasure. One night at the opera I saw a pretty Creole girl and fell desperately in love with her. You see I was a fool in those days. I visited her and she promised to marry me. Shortly before the wedding was to have taken place, I was invited by her father to dinner. Several gentlemen (friends of his) were present. I was plied with wine, to which I was then unaccustomed, and became reckless under its influence. After dinner, cards were proposed. I played until day-break. I rose from the table and gave a check for all I had lost, which left me not fifty dollars of all I previously had. The next day I was informed by a letter from the father that I could not marry his daughter. I learned enough to convince me that this gentleman was a *chevalier d'industrie*, who had played the same game before.

“That night, it was, I resolved to alter my rule of life and my conduct toward the world. Burning with anger and resentment, I lay thinking over what I have just told you, and a thousand disappointments, slights and rebuffs besides. I cursed mankind ; I cursed myself. I bitterly regretted that I had dealt honestly with or shown kindness to any human creature, and swore that never would I commit such folly again. The clock struck twelve while I was mentally taking this oath. I sprang out of bed and walked the room in a constantly increasing tumult of passion. At last, I extended my hand and called on Satan for assistance. I

invoked him by name. 'Give me,' I said, 'ten years of wealth, of revenge on the whole d—d race. You are the "evil one," "the enemy of mankind." I will be your true ally and zealous agent; and when the time is up, I will be your property, body and soul.'

"The air of the room became hot and close. I imagined I heard a low laugh which seemed to come from a great distance, and I felt a small hand, with fingers of steel, grasp mine. Sharp nails indented and stung my shrinking flesh, and an electric thrill shot through me, shaking me from head to foot. Just then the clock struck the quarter past midnight.

"An unspeakable terror seized me, and I stood like a statue—how long I know not; then staggered back to the bed.'

"Malvin broke off for a moment, and gazed upward with a look in which eternal agony seemed foreshadowed. Thick drops of sweat hung upon his seamed brow and writhing cheeks. Then, with a ghastly attempt to smile, and the voice of one begging for life, he said:

"A curious trick of the imagination, wasn't it?"

"I sat benumbed and silent. He repeated the words more eagerly; and then with a burst of his former fury, and with the same glare in his face I had noticed when I first entered the room, he shouted:

"Do you doubt it was imagination?"

"I must confess that when I answered in the negative I lied; for I am not now more perfectly assured that the poor wretch was insane, and that his hallucination had taken this awful form, than (under the influence of his narrative and manner) I was then convinced that his tale was literally true.

"He seemed to understand my thoughts, and, after a few seconds, sank back uttering a long-drawn, sobbing moan.

"Yes,' he said, 'it's no use trying to deceive you or myself. I belong to him, and he'll claim his own.'

"Again his fear and horror subsided, and the activity of a disordered mind asserted itself in the ungovernable propensity to talk. He resumed his story just where he had left off.

"You will wonder that I could sleep that night; but, after hours of horror, I fell into a deep, lethargic slumber, which lasted until late the next day. I had no sooner opened my eyes than I felt myself a totally different man. I felt that I was no longer the poor creature who had been every schemer's easy dupe and victim. I knew that I had ceased to be "pigeon" and had become "hawk." All the idiotic scruples, all the cowardly compunctions that had previously handicapped me were utterly gone. My mind conceived and shaped more rapidly than I could have explained them plans in which every consideration save of my own interest and gratification was lacking. I was no more a driveling ass, thinking always of what was due other people. I was anxious to inflict on mankind the punishment it so richly deserved, and I absolutely burned and panted for vengeance on all who had wronged me. I remembered distinctly my compact of the previous night; I could still feel the clasp and scorch of that terrible hand, and faintly see the prints of the demon's claws. But I was no longer alarmed; on the contrary, I was bold, confident, jubilant in the thought that I was backed by a power before which all must succumb.

"Of course I did not forget my quondam fiancée's father. My first scheme was formed for his benefit. I remembered that, on the night he

and his guests had robbed me, I had heard him mention a well-known *faro* bank as one of his favorite resorts. This reminiscence suggested to me at once the means of revenge and a congenial occupation. I knew enough of the game to feel satisfied that I could deal, and I felt assured that my dread ally would bring me success. I went that very evening to the establishment and sought employment as a dealer. My confidence that I would not be refused was justified. Almost without a question asked, I was given the place I wished. The proprietors had reason to congratulate themselves upon their complaisance. Whenever I was in the chair, players crowded around the table, and the layout was covered with stacks of blue ivory; but invariably every better was cleaned out before I quitted my seat.

"I had not many days to wait before the man whom I was so solicitous to see appeared. He came in one night about ten minutes before I went on watch. I immediately accosted him, somewhat to his surprise and confusion; but my cordial manner re-assured him. I invited him to drink, and chuckled to myself to see that the uneasiness the meeting had caused him made him pour out and drink a full glass of brandy. When I took the chair he began to play.

"Probably he thought he had before him the same gull of the week before. At the expiration of two hours he left the table a heavy loser. He seemed to take alarm and for some days did not return; did not, in fact, until I had enticed him back by a forged message to the effect that a gentleman desired to see him at the gaming house on some matter, in which I had discovered that he was interested. I had made arrangements, which were faithfully carried out, to have him drink as soon as he entered the room, and this time the liquor was drugged. He immediately took a place at the table and bet heavily. His supply of cash was soon exhausted. I encouraged him to try and change his luck, and told him his credit was good. He gave check after check and lost steadily. Next morning I cashed the checks myself, as soon as the bank was opened. Of course he was an habitue of the establishment after that, and in three months he was a beggar. The last time I saw him, he appealed to me for aid, saying his family were starving. I walked to the nearest confectionery store, bought a ginger cake and gave it to him, requesting him to present it to his daughter with my compliments. That night he jumped into the river and was drowned.

"I continued to gamble, but as proprietor, not as employe. I speculated in every way and fashion. I always sought every advantage and always got it. I made more money than I could use. I got even with all my enemies, and I have sent every man that I had a grudge against to hell before me. The devil has stood by his own.'

"Malvin continued in this strain, saying much that he had told me on other occasions, at intervals breaking out into wild bursts of excitement and frantic exclamations, then pouring out again a steady stream of talk. About eleven o'clock, when I was in a state almost as frenzied as his own, I succeeded in getting him again under the influence of a narcotic.

"I am ashamed to admit that I regarded the approach of midnight with the liveliest apprehension. The peculiarities of this strange man, his wild demeanor, and I doubt not, too, some contagious influence of his mental malady, were all impressing me with an effect my will could not combat.

When the loud clang of the clock in the tower of the City Hall announced twelve, I sprang from my chair and would not have been surprised by any apparition or uncanny manifestation. I saw or heard nothing, however; and, observing that my patient was resting calmly, I resumed my seat.

"Several minutes elapsed. I began to hope that he would sleep through the night, when suddenly his eyes opened and he stared straight before him, as if gazing on some object visible to him but invisible to me. He seemed to cower and shrink into the mattress. At the same time the room, which had been rather uncomfortably cool, seemed filled as it were with a hot wind; my breathing became labored and oppressed; and, with a fear exceeding any I had ever conceived, I felt conscious of another presence, intensely powerful, evil and malign.

"Ah," Malvin gasped; "the hand! *He has come.*"

"He writhed and flung himself about like a man striving to cast off an assailant. He grew purple and gasped like one strangling; and I could have sworn—I can now almost believe—that I plainly saw the prints of fingers deeply imbedded in his throat.

"The clock struck the first quarter past midnight. I rushed from the room and called loudly for assistance. Malvin's servant came in response to my cries, and soon afterwards some of the employes of the hotel. We re-entered the room. The bed was almost opposite and facing the door; the light was shining full upon the face of the occupant, and it was the face of a corpse.

"Great heavens, doctor!" said the night-clerk, who had joined the party. "How distorted his features are; and see what curious discolorations are on his throat!"

The doctor ceased, and we both sat gazing silently into the fire for some minutes.

"Well!" I asked at length, "what think you of your patient's story?"

"Why, a clear case of moral or emotional insanity, of course. The sudden shock of that latest and cruelest betrayal jarred his nature out of tune. It did not unseat his reason, but it perverted all his faculties. The entire change in temper and disposition which he so graphically described is one of the surest and most frequent symptoms of an insane mind. But what perplexes me most is to determine whether the strange and horrible delusion under which he suffered was contemporary,—as his narrative would indicate,—with the commencement of his unsoundness of mind or was of comparatively recent origin. It may have quite recently assailed him; and yet, in the inconsistent operations of a deranged intellect, have been ascribed to a far previous date. But stranger still is the effect it had upon me. I clearly shared his hallucination for a time. He had mesmerized me, as it were; and, reading his dying thoughts, I fancied I saw the fiendish clutch which he believed he felt."

"May it not be possible," said I, "that the hallucination, for certainly there was one, may have been only the goadings of a conscience, long dormant, and suddenly aroused on the verge of the grave? Quite probably your patient experienced, after a long run of ill-luck, all the bitterness of spirit he described, and was eager to wreak vengeance on the world which he deemed had ill-used him. That is in no wise remarkable. I believe it

was Dean Swift who said that 'the majority of mankind grow tired, after the age of forty-five, of being honest.' Very likely, too, he had received in his childhood a good share of that sort of religious instruction which encourages a serious belief in the devil and his works. Clearly, he must have been a person of vivid and distempered imagination; and his confidences made to you, notwithstanding the air of boasting of his crimes, sound much like the utterances of remorse. Feeling the approach of death, and being utterly without hope, the old faith and teachings re-asserted their influence in terror and hideous suggestion."

"Doubtless conscience," gravely admitted the doctor, "was active in the matter; nevertheless, he was crazy. Yet, those marks on his throat, which the clerk also observed—how did conscience produce them?"

"I am surprised," I rejoined, "that you, a scientific man and learned in all that pertains to your peculiar science, should see any great difficulty there. The imagination has very often wrought physical effects much more remarkable. I wonder you did not at once think of the numerous recorded and apparently well authenticated cases of 'stigmatization,' in which the impassioned devotee, reflecting on the pains of the Crucifixion, at length presented visible evidence in his or her own person of the wounds inflicted on the Saviour. If St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Catherine of Siena, after long and pious contemplation of the pangs their Lord had suffered, bore on their palms and brows the scars of the nails and marks of the thorny crown, why should not this poor wretch have shown by some such external bodily sign the effect of his own horrible broodings?"

"I don't know anything about it," said the doctor, rather petulantly, rising to go in good earnest. "I only know I've wasted a deal of time. Good bye."

G. M. Darrell, M. D.

THE SOUTHWARD FLIGHT.

E BON wings on a gold-blue sky,
Out of the North the blackbirds fly,
Out from and over a land of drouth—
South! South!

A whirl and a shadow overhead,
A somber sign of the summer fled,
A plaintive cry from many a mouth,—
"South! South!"

The wakeful longing will not sleep,
But stirs anew as the pinions sweep,
And I long to flee from the dearth and drouth—
South! South!

And still, as the autumn days expire,
It's ever and ever the old desire,—
Love, and the kiss of the lifted mouth,—
South! South!

Clinton Scollard.



ON THE MESA.

IN OUR FAR SOUTHWEST.

I WILL be their guide over plains carpeted with flowers, across solitary deserts of iris and daffodils : I will conduct them under fierce suns to the very depths of this immemorial country, and will show them the dead cities there, whose requiem is the murmur of unceasing prayers."

This passage from the introduction of Pierre Loti's "Into Morocco" came to me aptly as I was about making my second journey into this old-new land of our great Southwest—this immemorial country of solitary deserts and fierce suns and dead cities, that lies at the very gates of our Western civilization.

The correspondence between these lost provinces of Old Mexico and the land of which Loti wrote is more than a bit of word-painting. It is real and absolute ; and the fact that we have here a bit from Morocco or Algeria or Egypt is borne in upon me more and more by travel and study and observation of the conditions which exist.

The country of which I shall speak in this article is particularly the two southwestern territories of New Mexico and Arizona. But much that is true of these will apply equally well to Southern Nevada, Western Texas and Southern California.

Some of the towns throughout this region are curious anomalies. The tide of American progress has seized upon the staid old Mexican settlements, and piled up garish brick blocks by the side of the low, dull adobes. The life upon two sides of the same street, or in the old and the new portions of the same town, is as different as the architecture. The Americans are brisk and alert : their business houses are made attractive, and their homes comfortable. In short, they pursue much the same manner of life that they did when back at the centers of civilization ; perhaps with a little more brusqueness and a more evident determination to "arrive." The Mexicans remain slow, quiet and undisturbed. Their places of busi-

ness are still hidden away behind sombre wooden doors that seem to repel rather than invite the would-be customers. Their homes remain still bare and comfortless behind the dull adobe walls. Their material wants remain few, and they have no disposition to exert themselves beyond the need of supplying these. They still love warmth and idleness; and upon any fair day—and here all days are fair—they stand or recline for hours in the sunshine, wrapped in their bright-hued blankets and crowned with the heavy, broad-brimmed and tinsel-decorated hat which is the heart's delight of every real Mexican. Almost without exception, each of these towns is, or has been, the seat of a "boom." A boom, briefly defined, is an attempt to increase land values beyond their real or normal level. Sometimes the boom has been based upon mining, sometimes upon agriculture, and sometimes upon nothing but the fertile imaginations of the promoters, and while there are rich mining districts and agricultural regions of wonderful fertility, the area throughout which these may be developed is so great that no one spot has been able to profit from them to the exclusion of all else. Hence there are many cases of arrested development, and many a town whose promising boom has become a boomerang.

The agricultural future of this country depends wholly upon the amount of water that may be available for the purposes of irrigation. There is a very large amount of land that is admirably adapted to various purposes of cultivation, and fruit growing and alfalfa farming have in many cases proven very profitable. But the great question is water, and how to secure it. The rainfall is the smallest here of any portion of the United States, in some places being as little as six or seven inches per annum. And as the few rivers are tapped throughout their entire length by the *acequias*, or irrigating canals, they are sometimes in an unusually dry season not equal to the burden imposed upon them.

This method of growing crops is here centuries old, although we speak of it as a new country. A long time ago a civilization existed here that built substantial cities, cultivated some of the ruder arts, and built *acequias* of which evidences remain to this day. Then came the time of the Spanish



MENDING THE OVEN.



ZUNI PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO.

occupation, when the land was divided into great *haciendas*—vast, baronial holdings kept with a sort of barbaric magnificence.

The *haciendas* were sometimes little more than wide wastes of sand and sage-brush. Except where the water was carried it was a desert, as it is now.

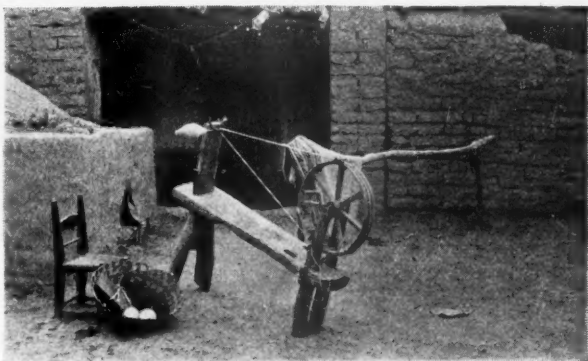
By this I mean a veritable desert; a desert as truly as the Sahara is one. In Southern New Mexico, between San Marcial and Las Cruces, I have crossed many times a tract that is known as *La Jornada del Muerte*—the Journey of Death. It is a plain, ninety miles in its furthest extent, barren of water and so barren of any living thing except those few unnatural plants that love drought and an arid soil and a burning sun. It is only a morning's plunge across it now in a swiftly moving railway train, but it has been a "journey of death" to many in the old days of the overland trail.

And there are other deserts, which are not plains of sand and chaparral. On the wagon road to Fort Stanton is a bit of country which the Mexicans, with their usual aptness in giving fitting names, have called the *Malpais*—the Evil Place. The earth here is hard and black, shiny, broken, brittle—an evil place truly for the traveler. No living thing grows there, not even the cactus or sage-brush, for it is a lava deposit and wholly without soil. Such lava formations, only less extensive than this, are found in many places, through this region, lasting witnesses of the time when these hills gave out flame and smoke.

But however drear these regions are, none, except where water is so scarce as to menace life, are too drear and remote for human existence. The Indians, Pueblos, Navajos and Apaches have made their settlements in the most inaccessible places, confident of their power to satisfy within themselves all their own needs, without dependence upon the outer world. Some of these, however, pursue industries which at remote periods bring them into brief, forced contact with civilization. It may be that they have a herd of always lean cattle, whose hides constitute their chief commercial value, or a flock of goats whose skins make the cheap hair rugs now so common in all our markets; or sheep, whose wool they bring in to sell or,

better still, weave into those blankets which have made the Navajos famous for their handicraft.

Far away on the plain, miles and miles from any town or other human habitation or from any road except the merest trail over the sand, one will come upon a solitary Mexican ranch, a *hacienda* it was in the old days. A cluster of low adobes, a corral (the stockade made of the prickly *Euphorbia*), a motley crew of dark-skinned retainers, and then the herds of cattle and sheep and goats complete the picture. There is a monotony of life



NAVAJO LOOM FOR WEAVING BLANKETS.

that it would be hard to parallel. From sunrise to sunset, and day after day through the year, the same dull round of duties. A little more work at times, as in the shearing season, or when the *frijoles* are to be harvested. For the rest, it is the life of a beast. Men who have known anything better go crazy from such isolation.

But one meets here men who have known better things. Fifty miles from a railway, hidden away in the roughest of prospectors' mining camps, I found a man whose family name is known in the East among the most exclusive circles and wherever pure English literature is known and honored; himself, the finished product of the best universities of America and Europe; without traits or habits which should have isolated him from society; but for pure love of the freedom and excitement of this life he has become a part of it. Such are not rare. One finds them upon ranch and farm; in the conduct of great enterprises; in the management of mines whose output reads like a story of fable, and among the prospectors and adventurers and hangers-on of this semi-civilization.

Yet not all are such honest gentlemen. In the gambling-room of a frontier town I found an Eastern college man who was very nearly the typical gambler of Mr. Bret Harte's romance. Dressed in the most perfect and quiet taste, gentle in voice and manner, refined in feature and conversation, well-read in the best literature—he was dealing faro at seven dollars per night. For the novelist who would make character studies from life, I know of no richer field than this.

Interesting as this flotsam and jetsam is, the native population is yet more so. Taking life easily and carelessly, they are yet the most serious people in the world. I spent a week in a little adobe town, and all that time the male population lounged in the sun or, whenever a group could be formed who had sufficient money for that purpose, sat upon the ground and gambled. At the end of the week came the day of the patron saint of

the village. Then there was a stir of excitement, much donning of gala attire and of running to and from the church. And in the evening there was an illumination—so simple that it was pathetic, so artistic and effective that it made me respect the people who could design it.

Just at dark rows of mellow lights gleamed from the roof edges of every low adobe in the town. The lights burned steadily, without brilliance, but with a mellow, yellow glow. The adobes were all the same height, the roof lines straight and level, the lights set at equal distance. I went out upon my own roof and watched them for a long time; and when I went to bed those candles, stuck in paper bags with a little sand in the bottom to hold them steady, still made the night glorious.

There is much of artistic instinct about these people. The brilliantly colored serape thrown gracefully about the shoulders is much more picturesque than any coat can be; and the combination of colors in them, though bold, is always effective. The women of the lower and middle classes are nearly always coarse of feature, and have little beside their black eyes and olive complexions to redeem them from positive ugliness. Yet by the aid of their black mantillas they manage to show just their eyes and enough of the olive skin to delude one with the idea that wonderful beauty is concealed beneath that drapery.

This artistic instinct comes very near, at times, developing into real art. In all the curio shops from Santa Fe to the coast are shown specimens of both Mexican and Indian handiwork that are worth more than passing notice. First, these are remarkable because they show an infinite capacity for taking pains. There are little straw plaques which are good examples of minute mosaic work. The straw, or rather dried grass, is colored and then clipped into little pieces. Then these pieces are glued upon prepared card-board in such combinations as will make fair representations of landscapes, figures, buildings, etc. The coloring is somewhat crude, and the completed pieces are not often beautiful. But the wonder is that the thing is done at all. The fidelity to form, as in buildings, etc., is very accurate; and in some of the pieces a very fair perspective is obtained.



A HACIENDA.

The feather work is even more interesting than this. This is not the weaving of feathers into mantles, fans, etc., as is common among the Seminole Indians of Florida, but takes the form of feather-painting. Some of the native birds have very beautiful plumage; these are ruthlessly slaughtered and stripped of their feathers, which are then glued carefully upon card-boards, sometimes in representation again of the very birds from which they have been robbed. Others represent figures from Mexican and Indian life, and the dress, coloring, and native characteristics are well rendered. Other still more ambitious attempts at feather-painting are the copying of pictures, usually the crudest lithographs, wherein the drawing is minutely copied and the coloring vastly improved upon. All this, it must be remembered, as well as the weaving of blankets and serapes, the modeling of wax figures, the carving in bas-relief upon the beautiful Mexican onyx, and the delicate tracing of their filigree cutting of silver and gold is, practically, untaught art. It is all domestic industry, not the product of



MEXICAN MOTORS.

factories. The work is pursued under the crudest conditions, in wretched huts, with the fewest and poorest tools and appliances that will possibly serve, and is untaught, except so far as it may be handed down from father to son. Now to pass for a moment from the people to the land. It is a country of magnificent distances, a landscape of broad effects. From my window a chain of hills stands out in bold relief against the horizon. It would seem but a morning's walk to go to them and climb to the top. But it is a long day's journey to their base, and their rugged tops are five thousand feet above the plain. Thus does this rare atmosphere ever cheat the eye and annihilate distance. This has led many a prospector upon a quest that has left his bones bleaching upon the sand.

These hills have a romance of their own: deep and fast within them are hidden stores of treasure, and the search for these is a passion which, having once laid hold upon a man, never dies. Prospectors' camps are chanced on everywhere. Sometimes the camper has but the ground be-

neath him and the blue apse of the heavens above ; but neither hardships nor failures daunt him, and he goes on and on from mountain to mountain and from range to range, buoyed up always by the hope and belief that he will some day "strike it rich." Every mining district knows men who have grown old and gray and worn in the pursuit of the elusive "color," but who have never yet lost confidence in themselves.

Perhaps their ever-bounding courage is due to the climate—as most good things here are ascribed to that. And surely if the fountain of eternal youth be anywhere, it may well be in this vigorous, bracing air and this eternal sunshine. One may not be able to live upon climate alone, but it is often one of the most potent factors toward enabling one to live at all. Atmospheric dryness is now recognized as a most valuable agent in the treatment of that long list of diseases—beginning with a cold and ending with consumption—to which some portions of our country are indebted for their high death rate. Physicians are making this a first con-



ADOBE BUILDINGS, LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.

sideration in prescribing change of climate for such patients ; and as the driest places in the United States are found in the Southwest there is temporarily a large accession to its population, made up from the invalids and semi-invalids of the North and East. Las Cruces, in Southern New Mexico, is the driest of these points, its average relative humidity being but 43.2, while other places in Arizona and Texas vary from this but a fraction.

The winter climate throughout this dry region is warm without being enervating, and is tempered sufficiently by frosty nights so that the air is kept pure and wholesome. Yet even when the mercury goes below freezing point one does not feel the cold as in the moisture-laden atmosphere of our coast resorts. I have gone out many a morning soon after sunrise, while the mercury was yet well below thirty degrees, and, were it not for ocular evidence, would have protested that it was at least twenty degrees

higher. One who cares for the tropical and languorous South would not care for this. Here the temptation is constantly to be out of doors, in the sunshine, and indulging in such exercise as will bring the muscles and the lungs into free play. I have purposely omitted much reference to the scenic marvels which do so much to make this a strange land. The guide books have made these of common renown, so that to catalogue them here would be mere repetition. But for the antiquarian, the ethnologist, and even the ordinary traveler who has the courage to leave the beaten tracks, there are matters of rare interest. There are sculptured rocks upon which the early Spanish explorers wrote their indelible records; temples of stone wherein the still earlier Aztecs worshiped their sun-god; great chasms riven in the earth, where we may study geology—as Emerson said we should —“the morning after the earthquake.” These for the most part are remote from the routes of travel, and he who would view them must have some courage and capacity for physical endurance. The towns of the Zunis, which are among the chief categorical wonders, are more easily seen, as some of them lie immediately along the route of the Atlantic and Pacific railway.

Taking it all in all, it is a country that is worth viewing and studying; because, while a part of our own land, it presents aspects peculiar to itself alone, and which, before the Westward march of empire, must soon inevitably pass away. The people will give up their ways for ours, becoming absorbed by us and losing their characteristics and individuality. Scientific engineering will change the face of the land by bringing abundant water to it, and gardens and orchards will blossom where the sand now drifts. A great people will fill the land where now are but scattering hamlets and decaying tribes, and the enlightenment of a modern and progressive civilization will drive out the ignorance and superstition and prejudice that have been for centuries striking their roots deeper and deeper into the soil.

James Knapp Reeve.



LEETLE MAUSSA AND SCRAP.

IV.

IT is done ; he is free. No more chafing at his doom for Scrappy ; no more weary sighing after the unattainable ; no more longings to break the bonds of an enforced thralldom—he is free !

He passed swiftly and undetected back to his own room. Inside, he felt safe. No one knew ; no one ever would know. Others would doubtless be suspected, but Scrappy—never ! His devotion to his young master was a fact too well established for that. Had it not been common talk among his classmates and the students in general ? Slaveholders, for the most part, they themselves had wondered at it—the manner in which this slave loved his master. But then they were also fain to confess there were few masters upon whom love had so rare a chance to lavish its gift of loving.

An all-around fine fellow was Rance Houghtling, who worshiped not at the “sweet shrine of self” but who possessed a special talent, on the contrary, for making manifest the good qualities of others. In him the determination to do the right thing and to abide by the right thing, so far as he knew and as long as he lived, added the finishing touch of respect to that admiration called forth by a captivating person and a genial heart.

Yet love had been powerless to save him. The fever that burns in a madman's brain consumes all love in the heart.

Within the safe harbor of his own four walls, Scrap breathes more freely ; howbeit, he still trembles a little. His purpose accomplished, what will come next ? What now is he going to do with himself ? He had no idea. In truth, his predominant sensation at that critical juncture was only a confusion of ideas. This was followed by a feeling of intense physical prostration. It had been hard work, very hard ; he was tired. When men are tired, then they sleep ; and strange though it may appear, Scrap slept—the deep, profound sleep of utter exhaustion.

He awakened suddenly and with a start. He did not know how long he had slept, but no ray of light met his opening eye. It was dark yet. He felt a weight as of lead upon his mind, which he could not account for. What had happened ?

He became vaguely conscious of some one standing outside at his door. An excited, muffled voice called out to him :

“Scrap ! Scrap !”

Now he remembered ; now it all rushed over him in a hot flood of enlightenment. He had killed Little Maussa ; he was free !

“Scrap ! Scrap !”—reiterated the voice at the door, in a tragic undertone which sought to arouse Scrap and no one else—“Wake up ! Don't you hear me ? Let me in.”

He knew the voice. It was young Burleigh who occupied the adjoining dormitory to his young master. What did he want here ? Had he found out ? Did he know ? A mortal terror seized upon Scrappy. For the first time an acute realization of the baseness and magnitude of his

crime dawned with overwhelming force upon his senses. It rushed all through him with a sickening power. It made him faint and cold and damp. With creepy apprehensions he pulled up the bed-clothes over his head and tried to counterfeit the deep breathings of one who slumbers heavily.

Young Burleigh again called, again tried the door and, finding he could not gain admittance, ran around to the low window where he released the make-shift fastening and jumped in.

The make-believe sleeper made no movement. Then the young man took hold of him and shook him lustily.

"For God sake, wake up, Scrap! You are like a log of wood! Wake up, I say! Something dreadful has happened to your Mause Rance."

"Eh?"—and Scrap turned drowsily on his bed.

"Get up! Don't you hear? There's the devil to pay. Houghtling has been murdered."

"Lawd! Lawd!"—ejaculated the sleeper, now wide awake.

His teeth chattered. Wasn't this news enough to make his teeth chatter? Young Burleigh thought so; his were chattering, too.

"Go to his room," said he, hastily. "Don't stop to ask me any questions. There is no time now. Go there and stay, while I fetch a doctor. Are you awake, Scrap? Are you going?"

Yes; he was going; he was going right away. He realized there was no getting around it; he must go. He had a part to play now, this guilty Scrap who had never played a guilty part in all his life before.

Slowly, with reluctant footsteps, he went up the self-same stair and across the self-same balcony. There was no incentive now; no blissful anticipation throbbing in his blood. With nothing more to gain by going, he had, perchance, much to lose. If ever they did suspect! If ever they did find out! The thought made every nerve in Scrap's body jerk with horror, every hair on his head stand on end. Positively, he could almost feel himself already dangling from the gallows. And this was freedom!

"De Lawd hab mercy on me!"—ejaculated the self-made freeman.

Judged from his present standpoint, freedom was but a ghastly travesty of his preconceived and exaggerated conceptions; only an intensified capacity for suffering. For in gaining freedom, what had he lost? A crown; the mightiest crown that ever sat on kingly brow—the crown of innocence. He could not reason about it, but he felt it. And some dim comprehension of a fundamental truth seemed suddenly to penetrate into his understanding—even freedom itself must be rightly conditioned to put into human life its highest potentialities for good. Free, he could never be again the old light-hearted Scrap; his own unconscious self, happy in a sense of safety, in a feeling of security, in the tranquil enjoyment of being at peace with himself and all the world beside.

How easy that old life! How hard this new one! Every word to be guarded, every look to be watched, every act to be considered. That sickening dread made him feel gloomy; he repented him, and in his secret soul he wished himself a slave again. But here was his master's door; for the second time that night he stood at his master's door.

A tremor ran through him; his hand shook on the knob. He looked in; he looked quickly out again. It was so hushed in there, so weird and lonely. No cheery voice would greet him as he entered with a hearty "Good morning, Scrap! How goes it, old fellow?"

Never more would he hear that cheery voice! Scrap began to sob. He was always emotional; it is the heritage of his race to be always emotional. He found it hard not to scream aloud; not to run away; not to run far away. But that wouldn't do. He must act prudently; he must ward off suspicion.

He went in. Burleigh had left a dim light burning on the table. All was still; the dead man lay on the floor; where he had fallen there he lay. The upturned face was ghastly white; the prostrate form had the motionless beauty of a figure in marble; around the throat there was a trickling coil of red blood.

The sight thrilled the beholder through and through; it awed and affrighted him; it struck him almost blind. That dead man was the best friend he ever had. He went off into a distant corner, halting as he went and glancing back over his shoulder at that body lying there in its mysterious, unearthly calm. Trying not to see it, he could see nothing else. And though he only looked at it with a furtive, fleeting glance, this one dead body filled all space, fascinated as with a spell all fancy, and permeated all his being—mind, body, soul and heart.

Heart! Has Scrap still a heart? Yes; a wicked one if you like, but nevertheless a heart. From out of that heart there came forth a mist before his vision. The bonds of that old slavery seemed now as nothing; the bonds thrown around him by his own wickedness a far more galling chain. How could he? How could he? Wreck that beautiful life! Strike down that manly form! Stop the beating of that kind heart! How could he? All the years of that gilded and painted freedom of his distempered imagination would Scrap now have given to undo what he had done. He knew very well in this solemn moment that the most untrammelled life would be to him without Little Maussa a joyless existence; and with this sense of personal loss there blended the softening influence of a thousand sweet memories. The thick mist deepened before his vision. A short time ago, two innocent little boys had played together and listened to the song of the sea. And now one was dead there on the floor, killed by the hand of the other.

It was too much; it was more than he could bear. He burst forth into a paroxysm of wild grief, and forgetting his vague terror of the dead, his ghastly fancies concerning death in any form, he moved out of the dimness of his distant corner and came to the prostrate form, and, kneeling beside it, lifted the lifeless hand which had so often in the past befriended him—lifted it reverently as if it were a holy thing, and bathed it in his fast falling tears.

"Po' Leetle Maussa," he murmured.

And just then a strange thing happened—the very strangest thing! The dead man opened his eyes.

"Mother!" uttered a feeble voice.

Scrap was absolutely terror-stricken; he gasped for breath; his heart smote against his ribs with a ghostly fear; he struggled to rise upon his quivering limbs and to flee; he ended in a yet more vehement fit of weeping.

But it was the very happiest moment of all Scrap's life! Leetle Maussa was not dead.

"Teng Gawd! Teng Gawd!"—he sobbed in an ecstasy of gratitude.

Rance looked up wonderingly into his wild face and tearful eyes.

"Don't cry, Scrappy," said he, and he spoke with feebleness and difficulty. "I am not afraid to die."

Not afraid to die! But Scrappy was, alas, awfully afraid to die! For after death comes what? Judgment. Concerning that judgment to come, Scrap realized that it was now invested with a new, strange, dark meaning unknown to him before.

"Don't cry," slowly repeated the faint voice; "I know you will miss me, Scrappy, more perhaps than any one else on earth, but I have looked out for you, old fellow. When I am gone you will know how much Little Maussa thought of you, Scrap! You will be rich and free."

Rich and free! Imagine Scrap's feelings. He drew back from the kindly words as if shrinking from a blow.

"I ent wanto be free!" he protested urgently. "I ent wanto be rich! I ent wanto be altwo! I want you to lib, Leetle Maussa."

But he spoke to deaf ears. Rance had fallen back again into unconsciousness; he was again to all appearance a dead man.

All this had taken not a great while. The pen travels slow; the moments speed fast; and here in great haste came young Burleigh and the doctor. They took no particular notice of Scrappy. He was not out of place on the floor there, weeping. Deeply shocked he must have been at this untoward event; so were they. This doctor was an able surgeon, and Rance was well known to him—also Scrappy. There had been an intimacy between the two families for several generations. His name was Welford. First, he regarded the unfortunate being before him with the pitying eye of friendship.

"God above! To think of Rance Houghtling being brought to such a pass as this! I did not suppose he had an enemy in the world."

"Nor I," said Burleigh. "There's not a better-liked fellow in college."

Scrap was dumb. Our deepest emotions are born dumb.

The physician now viewed the inanimate form with a professional eye. He examined the wounds carefully, critically, minutely.

"Hum! Ugh! This is ugly, very ugly. Oh, the shame of it! To slash up a breast like this is butchery, simple butchery."

"No chance, doctor?" asked Burleigh, in a faltering voice.

"One out of a thousand," was the curt rejoinder.

"One—one only! What is one forlorn hope amid a thousand chances?" Burleigh groaned. Scrap winced and turned aside. His face might tell too much. But he wept afresh with intensity of remorse and unspeakableness of desire.

Unexpectedly, the doctor appealed to him in person.

"Has he moved at all, Scrap?"

He had not. Scrap ceased his piteous sobs on the instant, replying to the doctor, and smeared away the tears from his broad frank face with his broad black hand.

We have neglected, hitherto, to mention the fact, but just now do so in justice to Scrap, that the young Sea-Islander has greatly improved since coming to college. Breathing daily this atmosphere of academic learning and refinement, and brought into even more intimate associations with his young master and his young master's associates, he has acquired such

good manners as to leave very little to be desired, and such good English as is perfectly intelligible to those about him. The accent was still there, of course—a Sea-Islander's accent is like Tom Moore's distilled roses—

You may break, you may shatter the *tongue*, if you will,
But the *twang* of the Islands will hang round it still.

But now Scrap lapsed only occasionally into the old habits under strong provocation, and into undefiled Gullah under strong excitement or in self-communings with his own heart or when conversing confidentially with Rance, who, by the way, spoke the classic language of the rice-fields as faultlessly as Scrap himself.

In this crisis of supreme danger, the sickening dread of being found out made Scrap brace himself up mentally and physically. He must enter at once upon his difficult role.

"If you will believe me, sir," he said to the doctor, in his most polished manner and best English, "he hasn't bothered his head about moving. His hand hasn't moved and his foot hasn't moved."

"So I thought!" Dr. Welford nodded his head ominously; his worst apprehensions were strongly confirmed. "But he opened his eyes!" exclaimed Scrappy, "and he opened his mouth, and please God, he talked good fashion."

"He did! What did he say?"

"He hollered for his ma."

"Poor boy!"

His mother had been in her grave these three years. Dead to all the world, she yet lived to him. It is love which has conquered death.

Scrap now turned appealingly to the man of science:—

"Please, doctor, put the breath back into his body."

"I wish I could," returned the doctor; a moment later he added gravely: "Science has not yet abolished the Breathmaker, Scrappy. He is not *functus officio*."

Speaking thus he looked at Scrap. The anguish depicted on his careworn countenance struck him forcibly. Ten years had Scrap aged in his appearance since Dr. Welford had last seen him. He felt sorry for the loyal, faithful creature.

"This is hard on you, Scrap," he remarked to him kindly.

Hard? The doctor did not know how hard it was on him.

"Teng Gawd 'e don't," thought Scrap, in the innermost depths of his consciousness.

He felt restless under the physician's eye. Since the doctor's incomprehensible quotation, the possibilities of modern science were more than ever a masked battery to Scrap's intelligence. Lacking the power to bring back the breath into Little Maussa's body, this man of science might be able, for aught he knew, to look clean through all his own motives and actions.

"But the breath is not all gone!" he exclaimed; and he bent forward quickly, and with hesitation placed his hand in front of the white lips. "He's got a little breath left, maussa."

"Oh, yes; he is not yet dead."

Not yet! Simple words, but filled with all the horrors of damnation for Scrappy. How much longer would they be able to say "not yet?" But here the conversation was interrupted. The wounded man began to

gasp painfully for that little breath that was left to him. With difficulty his senses struggled back again to life, and unclosing his eyes, he surveyed those about him with calmness and a misty recognition. The doctor at once administered a powerful stimulant.

"You are hurt, Rance," he announced, quite cheerfully. "Do you know who hurt you?"

No; he did not know. He recalled the night's adventure with an effort; but he could give them very little information. Speech was a labor to him; beyond speech he could make no effort. All he knew he told them. It was very little.

"You did not see your assailant?"

"Never once. It was very dark."

"You have no suspicions?"

He hesitated at this question. His mind was like his body, stunned, but he exerted himself to grasp the subject. Had he any suspicions? Whom had he any right to suspect?

He finally answered—"No."

The unreadiness of the reply forced itself upon the attention of the doctor, and of Burleigh, and of Scrap. Three minds received the same impression: he did suspect somebody.

One mind was appalled with the knowledge of that suspicion.

"This is very strange," said Dr. Welford aloud.

It was very strange. It was perfectly inexplicable to all save one person. And to him, the doer of the deed—now that the fever in his blood had run its course—it was most of all inexplicable. For his life he could not understand it. Did this crime lay really at his door? Had he done the foul deed with his own hands? He could hardly believe it. It was all so plain to him now, in its far-reaching and direful consequences. Rance's death at his hands meant for him only one thing—ruin, utter ruin. Nothing else. Nay, even if his young master lived, his lot was forever changed; his fate forever sealed. Whether he lived or whether he died, Scrap could not hope to elude detection. He was already ruined, inasmuch as he was already suspected. What horror! What shame!

He went and stood beside an open window, where the fragrance of the early morning's breath floated in upon the air, and the faint rays of the rising sun glanced in through the spaces of the open slats, and thought it all over, with his eyes upon the floor, and with the feelings of one but just awakened from a hideous hallucination.

Dr. Welford was busy thinking, too. His brow contracted darkly with the heaviness of his thoughts. He had never known a deed of this kind to be perpetrated without cause. Was there some ugly secret under the fair seeming of Rance Houghtling's life? He hoped not; he feared otherwise. Something was amiss. It is hardly to be supposed that the most bloodthirsty assassin in existence puts in his woful work for the mere enjoyment of it. There is always some reason, some cause. He turned again to the injured boy; scarcely more than a boy was he, with a cheek as clear as a girl's, and the soft down of early manhood barely showing on his lip.

"Rance, what reason has any one to injure you?"

He did not reply. He could not have heard. A solemn silence

reigned. The doctor listened ; Burleigh listened ; Scrappy listened. The doctor trembled ; Burleigh trembled ; Scrappy trembled. They all thought : " He knows of some reason."

Dr. Welford grew eager ; he moved uneasily, and bending his head to the white face, repeated the question.

" Tell me, Rance. What reason is there ? Speak it clearly ; God hears."

Rance looked up. His glance held that luminous sorcery of a dark eye that keeps one hanging on its spell. He had his mother's eyes—the very same, so soft so bright, so deep—and with those beautiful eyes he looked straight and full into the doctor's face. He heard now ; he understood ; a slight flush suffused the snow-like pallor of his brow.

In a nature of fine instinct mere suspicion is itself a shame. He answered :

" God hearing, I speak. There is no reason why any one should seek my life. None known to me. I have never intentionally injured anyone."

" Enough !" the doctor assured him ; " I believe you. You understand why I pressed the point. Now then, we are confronted with a veritable mystery. Some one has sought to take your life. Why, Rance ?"

One listener's heart throbbed fast. What was Little Maussa going to answer to this ?

" I do not know," said Rance.

Oh, what a relief ! He was not suspected, after all ! But for some reason Scrap's eyes again filled with tears. His young master, it was very evident, had no thought of him. He had never mentioned his intention in regard to Scrap to any living creature save Bramfield. He did not know that Scrap himself had any knowledge of them. Bramfield might have conjectured the truth had he been present, but having graduated a year ago, this young man was now traveling in Europe, and the truth seemed likely to remain across the Atlantic in Bramfield's keeping.

The truth is never an easy thing to get at. Burleigh told all he knew, which, however, threw not a single ray of light on the matter. He had arisen before day to go on a fox-hunt and Rance was to accompany him. He called to him to wake him up, but receiving no answer, went into his friend's room to find him in the condition already described.

That was all. Scrap heard ; heard with a shrinking soul and an aching heart. Willingly would he have confessed his crime upon the spot, had he dared. He did not dare. In the darkness of his soul he made no sign. But in that darkness he was praying for light ; silently, but with all the might of prayer he was praying :

" Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,
Too little tears suffice to cover all
Thou knowest."

A week later Scrap followed Dr. Welford out of the sick room.

" Isn't he better, doctor ? Just a little better ? Because, I've nursed that one chance very hard."

The man of science paused. This is a busy world and the busiest man in it just now is the man of science. Hurrying to and fro, from one sick bed to another, what time had this eminent practitioner to bestow upon Scrap, or the ailments of any other man in health ? Nevertheless, he

paused. There was something in the woebegone countenance of this humble friend of the unfortunate Rance that arrested his attention. Faithfulness is not so ordinary a flower on life's highways and by-paths as to have ceased to be sweet smelling. How faithful this slave! How beautiful his devotion to his master!

The learned doctor looked at Scrap with admiration; he had scarcely expected it—

“Such soft flowers
From such rough roots.”

It was like picking up a lump of pure gold far away from the gravels of the auriferous rocks. He placed his hand kindly on the interrogator's shoulder. Dr. Welford was a cold man and proud, or so considered among his equals, but he did not stop at this moment to remind himself of the fact that Scrap's skin was black and his own white; that Scrap's mind was ignorant and his own a storehouse of knowledge; that Scrap had been born in bondage while he himself was a son of liberty—the heart is the meeting-ground of all the races.

“Scrap,” said Dr. Welford, and he spoke gently and in a sympathetic tone, and without the slightest assumption of superiority; “Scrap, there are possibilities in life far worse than death. Don't you know that? You would not have him live mutilated, crippled, helpless, a wreck of the Rance Houghtling that once was; would you?”

Yes; that he would! Life on any terms was what Scrap's feelings demanded.

“Just keep the breath in his body, maussa,”—he pleaded. That breath whose respiration had alone held him in bondage; that flickering, feeble, now almost imperceptible breath which only divided him from a soul's endless enthrallment.

“Keep it in, maussa; do keep it in!”

“Am I God?” asked Dr. Welford. “I can't keep it in. I will not deceive you, Scrap. Prepare your mind for the worst. I tell you again there is very little hope. He has but one chance, and that's a very poor one.”

The hearer shivered. He was not cold, yet he quaked and shivered as if there were ice in his veins instead of warm blood. Presently, however, he put aside “those thick and clammy vapors of thought” suggested by the doctor's words, and took a little heart of grace.

“Buckra,” soliloquized Scrap, “ent know ebbery t'ing. I mos' kinder t'ink 'e ent. In fac', I sma'at 'nuf to know 'e 'ent!”

He returned to his master's bedside. His place was there now. And there his energy and power of endurance knew no bounds; he was on duty day and night; he never seemed to eat anything; he never seemed to sleep at any time; he was always there; always ready; never tired; never sleepy. It was as if he were gifted with more than mortal strength. He put it all down in his own mind to “Gawd's mussy.” The weeks dragged on. The wounded man lay at the confluence of two tides—the tides of life and death. Alive, he was barely alive; not dead, he was barely not dead. One hour the frail bark appeared to be coming back to the old familiar shore where youth smiled and friends lingered, and the next, to be advancing toward that dim unknown where in a rapture of light angels beckoned on.

Which shore? They could not tell. God only knew. Beside him was his uncle, who had obeyed the earliest summons; and afterward came also his aunt and his cousins. They were all there; the nearest he had, and the dearest. Every morning they said to each other: "To-day, he will surely die." And every night, they gazed into each other's faces and whispered: "How strange that he yet lives!" Hope in their hearts was "ever toiling, never nearing." There was no overpoise of cheer among them during that dark and anxious period.

Meanwhile, all possible effort was being put forth to discover the perpetrator of this cruel deed. Rance had money; it was freely spent for this purpose. No opportunity was neglected, no stone unturned. On that fatal night, when they had lifted him from the bed to the floor, the blood-stained instrument used in the furtherance of the assassin's design was found lying beneath him. This deadly weapon was placed at once in the hands of a skilled detective, with explicit instructions to track down the criminal, whatever the cost. A clue was found. Some student had noticed a strange man at the college well, drinking water; he was shabbily dressed; he looked like a vagabond. That was the man everybody thought. Everybody but the detective. He shook his head.

"That man," he admitted, "might have gone into Mr. Houghtling's room to rob him, but why should he want to kill him? He did not do the deed in self-defense, so clearly it was not that man. In my opinion the real culprit will be found nearer home."

Scrap's knees knocked together. In his opinion, also, the real culprit would be found nearer home. If only he had the courage to confess—but he had not!

People talk about courage, and write about courage, and some who read this will look disdainfully upon poor Scrap; but what are the horrors of a cannon's mouth compared to the horrors of such a confession? Scrap had not the courage.

This detective, however, thoroughly understood his business. After a few more days of quiet investigation, he took Rance's uncle aside and said to him: "Of one thing I am confident. Mr. Burleigh is innocent."

"*Mr. Burleigh!* Good gracious! I should say so. How could you take up such an idea as that?"

"I never take up ideas," returned the detective, grimly. "I ferret out facts. Mr. Burleigh is innocent; but this young negro you call Scrappy, how about him? What motive could he have to do this deed?"

"None," was the answer. "He would gain nothing by it. I am sure you are completely off the scent in his case. Scrap is devoted to Rance and always has been. It's a joke in the family."

"A joke's a serious matter," rejoined the detective seriously.

"Sometimes—yes. But you are certainly off the scent."

The other made a gesture of dissent. He did not like the way things looked in that quarter.

"He avoids me," he said concisely.

"Mere imagination on your part. I begin to think a detective suspects everybody. Had I been here you might have suspected *me!*"

"Might? I would to a dead certainty! The bulk of the young man's fortune goes to you, if he dies without issue."

"I—I—"stammered Mr. du Motey. That creature—any human

being dare to suspect *him!* Dare to tell him to his face he was not above suspicion!

But a good detective is not a human being, he's a human blood-hound and no respecter of persons.

Mr. du Motey drew himself up with frigid dignity.

"Rance's fortune would not in any case go to Scrap," he remarked conclusively. "He is as innocent as I am. Go find the owner of that knife."

Thus was Scrap reprieved by a sensitive man's wounded vanity. But alas, Scrap! The bloodhound doubles on his trail, and when he does, where will you be?

The weeks went on. One morning, Scrap met the doctor at the outer door:

"He can move, maussa. He touched me."

"Is that so? He really moved?"

"Yes, sir; and this is the second time."

"Indeed!"

Dr. Wellford made no further comment. He himself had no hope, and why should he excite false hope in others?

Once again, a few days later, Scrap forestalled him.

"He is worse, doctor—a heap worse."

"How do you know he is?"

"Because he hurts all the time. He aggunized all night."

"Ah!"

The cloud of anxiety on the physician's face seemed to lift itself somewhat. "Death inherits death"—but the living suffer. Very long his stay on that particular visit, very exhaustive his research. On going to leave he beckoned to Scrap.

"He will live," he announced briefly.

A rapture of intense gladness, such as we may suppose the angels feel over a soul nearly lost but unexpectedly and only by a hair's breadth reclaimed, entered into the despair of Scrap's heart. He would get well! The idol of his youth, the embodiment to him of all the world's greatness and goodness, the embodiment of every high and heroic thing comprehended in the fabric of Scrap's cosmos, would be restored to him, beneficently, as if by the working of a miracle.

He smiled broadly with the fullness of his joy, and said to himself: "I nuss 'im hard, dat one po' chance. Berry hard I nuss 'im!"

It was true. His courage, his patience, his strength in that sick room had been simply heroic. But the worst was yet to come. After that Rance's sufferings were continuous and almost unendurable. Once the sunniest-hearted, the sweetest-tempered of mortal beings, he became under the strain of these fearful sufferings, wretchedly nervous, exasperatingly perverse, pitifully irritable. Nothing pleased him; nothing can please a bundle of wounded nerves. Suffering such agony, the sufferer wished a hundred times that the wretch who had attempted his life had fully accomplished his purpose. And Scrap heard him wish it. Hearing what could he do? He did everything he could to comfort, to cheer, to soothe, and still Rance suffered. They say other people's pain is easy to bear, but Little Maussa's pain did not come easy to Scrappy. It made him "aggunize" also in mind if not in body.

Thus the months went on. Rance was still in bed ; he could not walk ; he could not stand upon his feet ; he had gone back to the helpless days of infancy, and, like a weary child, his heart turned homeward.

"Take me home," he begged of those about him.

"May he go?" asked his uncle when the doctor next appeared.

Dr. Welford knit his brow over the question. Rance, lying back on soft pillows grown hard from long usage, looked at him appealingly, wistfully. His hourly torment, his hopeless misery, his inextinguishable longing, burned itself in that look upon the doctor's consciousness. He knew that this desire to go back to the old place, to linger once more amid the old scenes, to live over again earlier and happier days, often amounts to a disease in the human soul. It was so with Rance ; one more disease added to his deadly ailment.

"Let me go, doctor."

"Very well, then," came the reply, after an interval that appeared long drawn out to the weary suppliant ; "we will try it ; let him go."

They arranged it at once ; he would be taken by easy stages and be made as comfortable as possible. His own little yacht met him at the sea-port town where he left the level green country for the ocean wave. It was the counterpart of the *Lady Louise*, but he called it the *Gemma*, in honor of Gemma du Motey.

Only four years ago the *Lady Louise* had gone down. Only four years ago ! Looking back, it was as long as a whole generation to Rance. In that short period, the whole aspect of life had changed to him. His mother had warned him against the dangers and the temptations of a college career, but the last thing she had ever imagined would ever happen to him had happened. She had never once thought any one would attempt to take his life ; no one else had ever thought so. Why had any one ? He often wondered why.

Thinking of these things, thinking of his dead father and his dead mother, and of his own utter helplessness, Rance's spirits sank low, very low. He was a chained thing ; and like every chained thing, he chafed under the links which fret as they bind. Oh, the joy to walk once more upon his feet ; to go where he listed ; to move among the throng, a man among men ; to be even for one sweet moment rid of this cruel pain that preyed upon his vitals ! Would he ever know that joy !

The weather was fine and calm as they approached the shore ; the air sweet, the sea smooth. Hour after hour he lay on deck, watching through half-shut lids for the first faint glimpse of the beautiful isle — the first fair vision of its avenues of oak garlanded in moss, its stores of cedar and pine, its azalia blossoms and its palms. Memories surged about him ; deep melancholy claimed him for her own.

Some one knew what he was thinking.

"Do not think such thoughts, Rance," some one said in gentle remonstrance.

It was Gemma. A fair young girl was Gemma du Motey. She had long-fringed lashes drooping on a roseate cheek, big gray eyes and a big heart which embraced all the world in its virginal sympathies, with a desire older than her years to right all the world's wrong, to heal all its wounds, to become, despite her youth, something very noble — a comforter in all its troubles. If only this same old world would be the better for it tha

she had lived! 'Tis a noble aspiration in any soul. This was a sad home-coming for the young man, and she realized it, seeking in all kindly ways to smooth away some of the rough edges.

Absorbed in his own reflections, Rance was for a time heedless. He was looking through the afternoon's golden mist at the low-lying shores that he loved. He saw the beautiful isle.

"There!" he cried. "Do you see it, Gemma? There it is!"

And sure enough there it was! The isle was the same; all the change was in him. He was not the same Rance Houghtling who had gone away. Gemma saw the island too; she was cognizant also of his deep emotion. She kept silent, however. Spoken sympathy is sweet if well-timed, but one of the first things a young girl with womanly aspirations ought to learn is to sympathize in silence.

A stiff breeze carried them swiftly onward towards the land.

"And none to welcome!" exclaimed Rance, speaking sadly as he felt.

"None, Rance?"

There was rebuke in the tone, but something more than rebuke. A something which suddenly absorbed into itself the heavier part of her companion's melancholy. He turned his lustrous glance from the shore to her face; from those pictures of the dead in his memory to this one sweetest reality among the living. She it was whose presence had hovered about him during all those weary months of suffering, an angel of mercy, infusing some heart of her own into his every moment of disheartenment, shedding some ray of light into his darkest gloom.

Now and then we encounter women who are far above the average of their sex; women, who in the greatness of their own nature govern themselves wisely and guide others, as in the days of old the men of the East were guided by a star. Aye, guiding stars are they, with characters moulded on such lines of strength as fit their souls to serve as lifts to other souls.

Such an one was the girl who now sat beside Rance. Not all women, he knew, were made so. With that fact uppermost in his mind, he said to her:

"If only you could be always near me!" and there was a softness and a meaning in his tone which sent the quick blood warmly into her cheek.

Happily, she knew of no reason why she could not be near him always. But she made no reply. Words are useful in their place, but too many words are always out of place. And furthermore, love has many subtle graces of expression all its own and a psychical force which defies all ordinary modes of expression.

"You know"—said Rance, presently, and paused. He esteemed her lovely beyond compare; she would have many suitors; and would it be right to sacrifice all her glorious life to his infirmities?

"I must not speak to you of this," he continued in a low tone. "It would be utter selfishness. Mine is a ruined life; I am but a wreck; I can not ask you——"

She stopped him. He was dearer to her in his weakness than any other could be in all the glory and fullness of a young man's strength. No weakness, no misfortune, no blasted hope, nor wall of steel, nor adverse wind that blows from unseen powers could ever be a barrier between his heart and hers.

"You can not ask me, Rance? Do not say that. Because if you do not ask me I shall be a—a—very wretched girl." Saying this, she put her hand artlessly into his—that hand which sought to be useful as well as white—and the smile on her beautiful, pensive mouth was a poem in itself, so full it was of the mystery, and the pathos, and the ecstasy of human love.

So Rance's sad return was full of a certain joy after all!

"There *is* somebody to welcome us!" he exclaimed, when the little vessel had been safely moored, and he caught a sight of the kindly black faces massed above the white sands on the beach: "Many somebodies. They belong to us, Gemma, and we belong to them."

The first to push her way on deck was Tula. She passed Scrappy with a hasty greeting and came straight to the young master. She was shocked at the sight of him lying there so white and helpless. She put her arms around him. This Little Maussa? This emaciated being the strong hearty babe, the beautiful, graceful child she had nourished in her own bosom? It was impossible for Tula to control her feelings.

"Speak to the men," she asked him after a while; "they dispute among themselves for the honor of carrying you to the house."

"Lift me, then," he said. Whereupon she raised him up, and looking down on the excited group collected upon the shore, he spoke to them in a voice still weak from long illness, but far-reaching and distinct.

"You will all have a chance, my men—every one of you a chance in the time to come. So let Ben come now, and Long Billy, and Isom and Tobe."

Then the four came, and taking hold of the litter, with deep emotion and murmured sobs, bore him ashore.

VI.

Home! What a world of meaning in one little word! Rance was at home. And really, now that he was at home, it appeared as if his getting well had only depended on his getting home. For no sooner did he find himself in the restful quietude of home's surroundings and amid the sweet influences of home ministration than he began to improve. Not leisurely, by slow degrees, but rapidly day after day, and steadily. The strong fresh air of the sea braced him up; the strong salt smell of the sea was more fragrant in his nostrils than the aromatic breath of flowers.

It is a passion—this mysterious love in the human heart for the cruel sea. Once implanted it is ineradicable. It had robbed Rance—this cruel sea—of a father's presence and a father's love; yet, always a seaman at heart, he could not, had it been kindness himself to him, have loved it more. The sight of it sparkling with the witchery of life interwoven with the solemnity of death was ever a delight to him. It was the face of a familiar friend long lost to sight, now seen again; it brought back to him all the happiness of a happy childhood. He listened to the exquisite murmur of its high crested waves, and watched the lazy ripple of its dreamy flow, feeling as he watched and listened a throb of new invigorating life pulse through all his blood; a glow of returning hope, potent and intoxicating, enter the secret chambers of his soul. The fascination

of the sea is the fascination that thrills through all life ; the charm of life is the charm of health.

And still the cause of Rance's broken health and untold sufferings remained an unsolved problem. Not through any fault on the part of that skilled detective be it distinctly understood. He had done his part. For three thousand miles and more, he had tracked the man who owned that knife, only in finding him to be baffled. The knife was his, but he had no difficulty in proving an alibi. Some other hand had held it in that dark transaction. Whose hand? People were still asking whose hand had struck the blow. People were still wondering who it was who had tried to kill Rance Houghtling.

In the month of May and lovely weather, 6 o'clock p. m. is a pleasant enough hour almost anywhere ; it is an enchanting hour on the beautiful isle. The sun dips low toward the sea ; there are drifts of cloud-down across the aerial blue, and specks of white-sailed boats rocking on the tranquil waves. The low myrtle bushes, and the sweet-scented jessamine, and the azalia trees, grow well-nigh to the edge of the sea. The broad Atlantic stretches out illimitably, grand, majestic, flashing white in the near line of vision, gray and hazy, or else, marvelously blue in the faint far-away, as it sweeps on its mighty course to other realms and other shores.

On such an afternoon, beguiled by the beauty of the hour, Rance left the house and went forth into the air. He did not go alone. He was able to walk now, but not very far unassisted. Scrap was at his side.

"The sky-walls are the walls for me, Scrappy," Rance said, and having reached a favored spot, he settled himself comfortably and dismissed his attendant.

Scrap stepped aside but did not go away. There was a wooden bench a little way off under a palmetto tree, and there Scrap took his seat ; he also took in idly his surroundings. His nature was open to benign influences and consequently he felt the weather. There was the shining water, the waving sunshine, the sea-bird on its wing, the magnolia on its tree, the roses on their stems, the sportive butterflies everywhere. He saw them all, and also that recumbent form not distant, which gave an attractive touch to the semi-tropical landscape. It was his boyish playmate, the idol of his youth, the arbiter still of his earthly destiny. Little Maussa, he observed, had not lost the simple tastes of his early years. It had been his liking always to lie in the deep cool shadows of the trees and look up at the sky—into the faces of the stars by night and upon the glory of the firmament by day.

Thus he lay now on the emerald earth, partly hidden in a tangled growth of laurel and vines. His head was uncovered ; he was habited in the airy negligence of a loose flannel jacket and no waistcoat ; his figure lent itself with caressing grace to this office of indolent ease, and his face, while very like the child-face we first gazed upon, now a good many years ago, has lost all of its childish prettiness in a deeper significance of beauty. It is more thoughtful—it is far more thoughtful.

Truly, Rance has had plenty of time to think during the past year. What can a physically helpless, mentally active being do, but think? Also, it may be stated, he is apt to think to some purpose.

Rance had thought to some purpose. He is no longer a mere wreck of his old self ; he will be as well as ever some day not distant now ; the doctor has said so, and Scrap recalls the saying with an exceeding joy. Please the Lord, he would be happy again but for one thing. If only his conscience was as clear as this afternoon sky ! If only he could be at peace with himself once more ! He ought to make a clean breast of it to his young master. Why not now ? The present moment is a rare moment ; there is no other moment like it in all time ; it is the only moment not out of one's reckoning in all time. Better use the present moment !

Scrap arose, took a step forward ; stopped ; considered. Confession always involved some consequence, and confession, with Scrap, involved very serious consequence. Laying weightier considerations aside, how was he going to stand it, to see some of the other boys taking his place in Little Maussa's service and Little Maussa's affections ? That would be insupportable ! No ; he would keep quiet. So he sat down again. Sitting there, he wondered dimly in his own mind if the truth was ever going to be found out, and what was going to be done about it if it ever were. So wondering, he glanced again at the figure lying there on the grass.

Rance was leaning on his arm and fanning himself with his hat ; it was warm ; anon, he drew forth a folded paper out of an inside pocket and perused it slowly and carefully.

"Scrap !"—he did not turn his head—"Are you there ?"

Scrap was there ; he advanced on the instant.

"Tired, Leetle Maussa ?"

No ; Rance was not tired.

"But I want to have a talk with you, Scrap."

A talk ! With him ! What about ? Scrap's heart jumped into his throat ; he turned white under his black skin ; the feeling within him at that moment was half omniscient in its spiritual revealings. Somehow he knew what Little Maussa was going to talk to him about.

"Do you remember when you were a little boy, Scrappy, how much you wanted to be free ?"

Scrap remembered—acutely, but in silence.

"Eh, Scrap ?"

"Yes, sir ; I remember."

"Well, I remember it too. You have nursed me very faithfully, my good old friend ; among the faithful, most faithful, you ! And for all such, there is sooner or later a reward in store. I did not intend to give you this until my wedding day, but Gemma says I must not keep you waiting ; so take this, Scrap"—he handed him the paper—"it is your charter of liberty."

"I do not want to be free," protested Scrap, hurriedly. He did not touch the paper ; his arm seemed glued to his side.

"*You don't* ?" exclaimed the young master, apparently in great surprise ; "but what has changed you so, Scrap ? You used to want to be free."

"Yes," Scrap reluctantly admitted ; he used to want to be free. He did not look at the questioner ; he hung his head.

"It's no account," he declared emphatically ; "freedom isn't. I've got no use for it !"

Hadn't he once been free ? Or hadn't he thought himself so ? It had been the most miserable experience of his whole existence. "And

furthermore," Scrap looked up now, tried to laugh it off, and inquired facetiously; "before the Lord, Mause Rance, who's going to feed the niggahs when they do get free?"

Rance smiled; smiling, pressed the point.

"But think for a moment, Scrap. With this paper in your hand you can do what you please, go where you please—"

"But I don't want to go anywhere," broke in Scrap, unceremoniously. "And I don't want to do anything except what I've been a doing all along; so please you just shut up about setting me free, Leetle Maussa."

"No," returned Rance, firmly, "I am not going to shut up about it, Scrap, because you have earned your freedom and you deserve to have it. Here!"

Scrap held out his hand, then, and took the paper; his hand shook; the paper shook. He spoke no word of thanks.

"You don't understand," he did manage to articulate in a tremulous undertone.

"Pray, who could?" rejoined the other, with a little low laugh. "Who could understand it? A slave declining to accept his liberty? 'Tis a thing unheard of. Tell me, Scrappy, what is your real reason for not wanting to be free?"

Thus it had been ever with the young master. The frankness of his own nature demanded an answering frankness in others. Poor Scrap battled inwardly with his desire to make a clean breast of it and his yearning not to lose ground in Little Maussa's affection. Should he tell? Should he keep silent?

"Tell me, Scrap," said a low, seductive voice.

Scrap looked at the speaker; it was the wild, appealing look of a hunted beast driven to bay. Thus looking, he met his master's gaze, and the light of those glowing eyes transfixed his own, seeming almost to burn its way into his dull comprehension. Such eyes are like some stars—they create a magnetic field in the whole range of influence. Scrap felt helpless under their power, bewildered, stupefied, entrapped. He could not look away; he could not escape them. Those eyes so fixed, so strange, so reproachful, so sad; what did their glance imply?

The paper fell from his grasp; he sank upon the ground at his master's feet; sobs rent his breast.

"It made me have sin," he stammered brokenly. "It made me have sin! I do not deserve to be free! That night—that night—" The voice died away in tremulous incoherence.

"That night, Scrap; what night?"

"Don't you remember, Leetle Maussa? That night in the dark—"

"The night some one tried to kill me?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was you who tried to kill me?"

"Yes, sir."

He hid his face now; he crouched low down to the earth. He breathed short and quick; a great faintness came over him. Oh, God, what was coming next? The disruption of the universe? The crash of a falling world in sidereal space? What? What? He knew not what was coming next. He only knew his fate was upon him; he only knew he shuddered to meet it. It would be death, he thought—death upon the spot,

or death by slow torture. Which would it be? Death in some form he expected. For two whole minutes he expected it, and two whole minutes awaiting death may be compared to no meager installment out of eternity's vastness. Those two minutes gone, Scrap ventured to lift his head.

Rance had not moved, had not stirred a finger. Those brilliant eyes, grown soft and pensive, met the culprit's now with an expression of infinite compassion.

"I have known it a long time, Scrappy."

Known it? Known it a long time, and nevertheless set him free! What did that mean? Scrap's own heart told him.

"You do not trust me any more, Leetle Maussa! You do not trust me any more!" Sorrowful the words; mournful the cadence. Even a slave finds it sweet to be trusted.

"How can you say that?" asked Rance. Reproachful his tone, earnest his manner. Even a master feels the sting of injustice, and only a perfectly heartless being is ever wholly indifferent to an honest opinion though it be from the humblest.

"How can you say that, Scrap? My life has been in your keeping all these weary months past, and I have known whose was the guilty hand for a long time. I have trusted you, I think, as one man rarely trusts another! I have done so, because I have seen the evidences of your poignant remorse and recognized the sincerity of your efforts at atonement. Only a great heart, Scrap, is capable of a great atonement. And yours has been a grand and noble reparation. I have never thought that you fully realized at the time the enormity of the deed you were committing, and I know you are still sorry."

"That's it! That's it!" assented the other, in a low voice of concentrated emotion. "Sorry now, sorry then, sorry forever! We were little boys together; we played together; we have kept each other company ever since!"

He had loved him from the time he was born, but never as he loved him at this moment.

"I would tear my heart out for you now, Leetle Maussa!" Big tears rolled down the dark face; he had passed already through deep waters of contrition.

"I believe you," said Rance. His voice was not altogether steady, either, nor his eye altogether dry. There was truth in all the other said, and between the two was that perfect sympathy which comes only from long acquaintance and a thorough understanding.

"I believe you, Scrap. Since that fatal night you have counted your own life as nothing in the effort to save mine. I trust you now as I never trusted you before. Take that comfort to yourself, my poor fellow."

Scrap took it. To be trusted again is to be blessed again. Pardoned, restored to his master's confidence, the benediction of peace descended like a dove upon his soul.

"You see, Scrappy," continued the voice, more than ever music to the listener's ear, "I have tried to put myself in your place. In your place, and, being you, I think—yes—it appears very possible to me, that the thing which you have done, I might have done. And that is why I have found it in my heart to forgive you, and why I now give you your soul's desire also. Scrap, you are free!"

The other had no words to answer; neither had he any voice. He bowed himself down upon the ground and kissed the speaker's foot; he sank yet lower upon the sod and placed that foot upon his neck. Eloquent the act, and touching. "There are yokes," it said, "from which no charter of liberty can ever free us!"

Rance was taken by surprise. Born among slaves, brought up on slavery, he discerned that there are deeper depths in a slave's heart than he had dreamed of; and such liberal sweetness in the humblest soul as may

"—shoot large sail on lengthening cord,
And rush exultant on the Infinite."

Neither spoke, until Scrap rose to his feet and gathered up the title deed of self-government. He had gained that goal for which he had imperiled another's life and his own soul; that goal which held in its magic circle the whole empire of attainment as he conceived it. He was free! At last, at last, free! He held the paper steadily now; but even now, not with caressing fingers. There was a tinge of regret in Scrap's thoughts, a tinge of wistfulness on Scrap's countenance. He knew what the trials of slavery were, but what did he know about the trials of freedom? Among the evils he was leaving behind him, were there not some things beautiful to keep? Some things worth the keeping? He thought so. In short, there was an undertone of "liberty's exquisite pain" in Scrap's new-found pleasure. Melodious strains he heard, but they were as yet, in his unaccustomed ear, perplexed music.

His former master observed him with interest. He had not foreseen these tangled threads in the web of emancipation. He had fancied Scrap would be simply and instinctively overjoyed.

"And you ought to be glad now, Scrap."

Well—Scrap was. Freedom is a grand thing, surely. "True king of us all" in free America!

An angelic smile suddenly broke over the dark physiognomy of the liberated slave; it irradiated his flat nose, and his thick lips, and even his woolly head, transforming all his darkness into God's first creature—Light! Can't a man be free and a slave too? A slave to memory, a slave to gratitude, a slave to his friends and to his love, a slave to his own loyal heart and to his fellow-creatures?

Scrap had unraveled satisfactorily his part of life's deep perplexity.

"I kin go w'ere eber I wanto?" he inquired, with a beaming expression, dropping out of all his acquired culture back into the rapture of a happy heart and a mother tongue. "W'ere ebber I wanto?"

"You can, Scrap."

"En do w'at ebber I wanto do?"

"Whatever you like."

"Den you huhr me, Leetle Maussa, enty? I ent nebber gwine a step fudder een all dis wurl! En I ent gwine do nutten but wait on you! Ef you b'leeb me, Leetle Maussa, I ent nebber gwine lebe you." And true to his word, he never has.

You will find them both still on the beautiful isle—a freedman among freedmen, Scrap, but for evermore the slave of "Leetle Maussa."

Mrs. Clark Waring.



THE IDEALIST.

LET him alone. He would make pure the world,
 And ye try not ; therefore he wars with you.
 His faith is but a staff wherewith he beats
 The wolves ye loose, from off the throats of men :
 What is he but a poet void of words—
 A high-priest of white spaces and thin clouds ?
 The concourse of the ages pass by him,
 And, where he sits, dawns break about his head,
 Limitless noons and splendors of far suns ;
 And he hears music sung in days to be,
 Which ye hear not, and he would have ye hear.

Let him alone. He only sits and shapes
 Serener mornings for the race of men ;
 We only dream. He, from the topmost cliffs,
 Shoots downward, Dawn-ward, with his clanging bow,
 And then runs on. Some time, when we advance
 Unto the light, we shall find, here and there,
 White arrows sticking all along the path,
 By him shot eastward from the heights above
 Ages ago, to guide the feet to come.
 Then shall we hear his clanging bow far on,
 And bless him for the arrows shot for us.

Charles J. O'Malley.





TANAQUIL—A STORY.

I.

IT was an outrage, people said, to name such a dainty baby, such a winsome bundle of lace and cooings, after a dead and gone pagan! Yet, what profit was there in rebellion against the stubbornness of a man like Lucas Morgan? It was easier to humor him and get him out of the way, than to rouse him from his books and his indolence sufficiently to take part in any discussion. Once start him, and there was simply no end to the stream of words, gentle, drawling, incessant, that poured from his lips. He was the greatest bore of his town; a lawyer who had outlived his usefulness, his affections, everything but a selfish desire for his own ease; sluggish until Miss Meg Beardsley, the minister's sister, a free authority on gossip, dubbed him "the laziest white man in town," adding with a contemptuous sniff, "It's a pity he can't get somebody to draw his breath for him." Little he cared for comment, this queer ease-lover. Given money enough to live on without fret, his energetic wife, a cane-bottomed chair tilted to a delicious angle under the shade of some mulberry tree down town, all

the newspapers he could read, and Lucas Morgan was content. He would settle back in his chair until his shapely limbs looked shrunken and his thin, delicate features expressed only sloth; and there he would sit, a dilapidated, slovenly wreck of what, by right, should have been a gentleman—dandruff on his collar, tobacco in his mouth, talking and expectorating in sublime forgetfulness of wife, of home, of child, of duty.

How dainty little Mary Tanner had been won by him was one of those matrimonial puzzles her friends had never unraveled; and when the sparkle and laughter died out of her in the years of fret against his aimlessness, nobody wondered as they did wonder what would become of Tanaquil when at nine she was left motherless. There was no immediate aunts or relatives to take the child in charge; so it came about that she was sent to school in Virginia, and her father loafed about, unmindful of her welfare, unruffled, so far as one might judge, by his wife's death. Tanaquil's bills were paid—her father was not lacking in that sort of honor,—but children were a great bore to him. Disappointment had made of his ready-witted, sunny wife a tart woman whose illy-veiled contempt sometimes caused him to hasten down street a little earlier than he otherwise would have done. Altogether Mr. Morgan's comfort was heightened by present arrangements.

Pretty little Tana—for who could call a laughing, dimpled romp the whole of that pompous name—took life as lightly as a butterfly. She had been a love of a baby; and now at her ninth year, with her red-gold curls, her roguish eyes, her gleaming white skin and her straight little limbs, she was indeed a winsome thing for eyes to look on. Whether she romped about the great cool yard, singing her sweet, shrill child-nonsense, or peered curiously into the office where book after book lay in awkward tumbling stacks on the table, mantel and floor, where the very cloth on the table smelt of tobacco fumes, and where to sit in the great old cushioned chair where her papa smoked was to smell like his old pipe all day, she was good to look upon. And my little Lady Golden Hair would wrinkle her small nose in disdain and trip away to the hammock, where she loved to lie and swing and wonder, too, what the leaves were always whispering about in the tops of the great oaks; and there she would dream her sweet child-fancies as the sultry noon drew near and the breeze, redolent of fig and cedar, swung her hammock lightly and lifted the damp rings of hair from the moist little brow, and showered the petals of crape myrtle down into the sunburned hands that caught at them in dextrous, careless frolic. Happy little maid, never lonely or at a loss for playmates! Everything on the place adored her, from the embittered mistress to Delia, the negro cook.

The latter would leave her yeast and her cake-baking any time to amuse her little "Missy," to bake in sardine cans rows of tiny biscuit cut out with a thimble; to mould clumsily queer dough creatures with immense ears and long tails, that Tana dominated "cake rabbits," and devoured with relish. And, oh! the feasts that could be coaxed when little visitors came! Oyster shells full of thimble biscuit, and pickles, and bits of candy, and fresh figs.

And if nobody was there, what did it matter to Tana? She had the flowers for her guests. She pulled the double hollyhocks, because they looked so much like the wonderful skirted ladies that rode in the circus "Aunt" Delia took her once to see. And she dressed them with great

care ; she made the bodies of lily pods and faces of white picayune roses, and gave them trailing corn-silk hair and sashes of ribbon grass, and put sticks through their green bodies for arms, and set them in their places at her festal board with many a comical assumption of matronly courtesy ; christening them after the people she knew up and down the shady streets, and talking to them as she never would talk to their human counterparts. They did the best they could for her, holding out their straight stick arms until they drooped from sheer weariness ; and when their frail, gauzy skirts had wilted, they fell over in the grass to die forgotten. But that was fate ; not Tana's fault.

And her mother, seeing the gleam of the pretty head now here and now there, a sunbeam in the old yard, would bless it and wonder, as mothers do, how fate would deal with her baby. If she should ever be called on to give her up ? If death could come to so radiant a creature ? If God could be so cruel as to call the happy baby away from her flowers and her sunshine, to lie mute and cold by those other little sleepers in the cemetery ?

For Tana had two brothers there ; she knew it. Oh, yes ! she liked to go there with her mother ; she liked to ride in the shabby old buggy through the wide white streets, and turn in from their glare to the cool, dark greenness of the trees in the cemetery. She liked to lie back on the seat as the pony walked sedately down the curving, shady drives, and see the gleam of marble between the willows and ivy, and see the flickering shadow-leaves dance across the green graves and the smooth, sweet-smelling grass. She liked to stand, her bare feet ankle deep in that grass, as her mother, slender and sable-robed, hovered about those tiny mounds—the mother-heart unconsciously showing itself in the tender, caressing touch of the thin hands as they pulled a bit of encroaching grass here, a dead leaf there. Pathetic, needless care ! Did some understanding of it all creep into the child's mind ? She had been told her brothers were in heaven. She lifted her eyes to the fleckless skies above—that was all she could see—with a child's sudden, unthinking awe. How big it was ! How blue and how far off ! Nothing up there but clouds ; but she told her next-door playmate, boastingly, that she was kin to the angels. And he, the neighbor, the little lad, felt the inferiority of having no dead that he knew of.

Tana's little child heart had no knowledge of the mysteries—love, anguish and death—in whose shadow the zest of life withers. She knew their names but they stood afar off, a veiled and waiting trio. Sometimes she had vague wonders about them as she saw the stream of life eddy past their gate, and heard the marriage bells ring out, and saw the long, black, solemn line of carriages creep out of town after the hearse.

With thought—the strong, passionate, sorrow-born thing, pregnant with all earth's possibilities—she had had naught to do until such time as sorrow caught her by the hand, dragging her from the love-guarded couch of infancy to a darkened room where lay the sphinx-like clay of her mother ; the lids closed forever over what had been loving gleams of sympathy ; the hands crossed in still rigidity. Facing it, this frightened atom of humanity cried out to find her surest refuge but a sheeted corse, her loneliness a fact ; and crept sobbing from that terrible semblance of a mother to the outdoor sunshine and the yard, where the crape myrtle nodded cheerfully

to her from under the great magnolia, just as it did before they frightened her so. And the wagons went by with their cotton bales, and the children laughed and shouted at their play. Tana knew about these things, and they comforted her because she was one of them, one of these sweet, bright, familiar facts—this golden-headed baby girl. But the darkened house! She was afraid of it. And the little lips quivered piteously, and great tears fell down because a comfortless human soul had been startled into life and was asking, as Galatea did, that most useless and human question, "Life, what is it?"

II.

"Miss Morgan," said the statue of Apollo, bowing with consummate elegance, "let me be your escort to the german Wednesday evening?"

"Sorry, Felix, but Tana promised me that dance long ago," interrupts a Japanese, whirling around at the question and holding his gorgeous umbrella patronizingly over the Statue, as if to say, "I've scored you one there, old fellow."

Our little acquaintance of ten years ago turned her soft, fun-loving eyes on the two and said lightly:

"I'm not going with either of you. I am going with the best dancer in town."

"I call that a shame," the Jap affirms with the amazing candor of long acquaintance.

Young Nance had not outgrown the sense of inferiority Tanaquil impressed on him years before when she declared her kinship to the angels. In fact, we may safely say that he would grant it to her now without demur; but he was a stickler for his own rights, and so he repeats:

"I call it a shame; you promised."

"So I did," the girl answers, laughingly, "but I'll keep that promise until next time. Lieutenant Cannon's costume suits me to a dot. He is a knight without reproach, in white from helm to boot."

"I'm all in white, too," says the Statue ruefully.

"By George, so you are," Nance agrees. "Listen, Tana, to this great god reduced to mumbling for fear he will crack the whitewash from his divine countenance."

"That is on a par with this pedestal," says an Indian, calmly abstracting the article in question from Apollo's arm, and seating himself near Tanaquil.

"Don't get close to me," Tana exclaims in mock horror, drawing her gauzes away from contact with all this chalk and paint.

"Are you frightened, Miss Morgan?" questions Jupiter.

You see even this god of gods has pretty Tana's weal at heart.

"I will not confess to that cowardice," she says, laughing excitedly, "but I am nervous, see?" and she stretches towards him her dimpled white hand all a-quiver with restlessness, and lifts her eyes with an unconscious appeal in their sweet depths.

You might search States and you'd see nothing prettier than Tana-

quil Morgan as she looked this night—her short black skirts agleam with stripes of scarlet and gold embroidery, her tiny, high-heeled, jeweled slippers, her golden silk chemisette covered with bangles, her Zouave jacket with its silver coins, her gleaming white arms and neck, and that glory of red-gold hair under the mantilla—a veritable Spanish dancing girl.

The tinkling of a little bell cut conversation short. A great running to and fro of all nationalities under the sun ensued. The curtain went up on the first tableau of the Kirmess, and a packed audience thundered their appreciation of the beautiful scenes. Cleopatra, gorgeous in her pomp, lay on a throne of gold under a canopy of crimson. Two Egyptian maids of honor fanned her, the long white feathers of their fans keeping time to the music of unseen players. Before her passed in review the dances of each nation.

First came the Swedes, with pointed caps and peasant costume and the vigorous merry-making of the North; then the gypsies, with tambourines and flashing, gaudy scarfs and wild, fantastic steps; next the Greeks, a dream of fair women. On in stately march they come, a phalanx of snow with a gleam of gold from cymbal, and sandal, and girdle, prostrating themselves as they move among the sculptured forms in the Gallery of Gods.

Then comes Tana's dance! To a slow waltz there drift into the room from balcony and groce veiled Spanish beauties, now flirting over fans at the lounging cabelleros, now pausing in mysterious groups, now alluring, now repelling.

Their gay petticoats and their black mantillas gleam like flowers between green trees. But hark! The music changes with a crashing chord that makes the dancers sweep their mantillas back, throw their white arms on high and clasp their castanets. There bounds into their midst a thing of light, so beautiful, that even Cleopatra lifts her regal head to see. Tanaquil! Floating, alluring spirit of old Castile; with what exquisite, subtle grace, what dainty, mocking abandon, she leads the cachucha! No sunbeam ever flickered across the forest glades with a more fantastic grace than Tana's tiny, gold-shod feet. And when she bounds in, holding aloft her pennons of black and gold gauze, with what wild, free grace she



"THE LAZIEST WHITE MAN IN TOWN."

threads in and out the swaying crescent of dancers, throwing over this a black and over that a gold gauze ; until with rapid arm and dextrous twist there rises above her head a canopy of gauze under which her flying feet thread their mazes until by some magic, we see a fan of gauzes—in its center poised this Castilian butterfly ; while at the end of each scarf, raised as high and taut as white arms could lift it, posed a dancer. A vision of vivid splendor !

And when the thunders of applause acknowledged Tanaquil the success of this long-talked-of, faithfully-worked-for Kirmess, and they led her near the foot-lights to bow time and time again, she was—the breathless, laughing, flushed thing—very fair to see ! She had hardly time to gain the security of the wings and catch the hurried whispered congratulations, before the chaperones raised their warning “hush,” and a rank and file of Egyptians had the stage. Then the Japanese with their comical steps and delicate brocades ; and the Italians with their dreamy saltarellos ; the Indians, with tomahawk and paint ; and last the tableau, when the whole tired, triumphant two hundred society men and maidens marshaled in a glittering mass.

It was the talk of the town, this Kirmess and its unprecedented success, financial and artistic. The chaperones plumed themselves and counted out their hundreds to the hospital, with the comforting assurance that sweet charity and the greatest of social successes had gone hand in hand.

And Tanaquil ? Her little head was turned, of course. She had no mother to restrict her, and flattery was her meed from every tongue—from the grateful chaperones and her fellow dancers, and from the throng of men who flocked about her always. Flirt ? Yes, I guess she did ; but only as the birds do, pluming their bright feathers and carolling and chirping with the delicious energy of happiness. If you had questioned Tana she would have told you that all the world was beautiful ; that life was just a joyous game in which care and sorrow had no share ; that affection and brightness and courtesy filled the earth ; and that love—oh ! love was one of those veiled mysteries that as yet had not looked into Tana's face. It was very common and yet very great—greater than death, they told her ; but it was like the Trinity which Tana believed in, though she did not understand.

Somehow the girl believed in mysteries. None of them had ever brushed her close enough for understanding, except that death of her mother ; but she had been so little then and had been sent out into strange scenes, and everybody had helped her to forget, giving the frightened, black-robed, exquisite child a part of their brightness. For love was a part of Tana's inheritance ; winsome, unselfish thing, who would withhold it from her ? And then she was so tender-hearted. At school nobody was in disgrace, nobody unhappy, but Tana's golden head lit up a way to love them out of it. Poor little orphan, giving to the distressed everywhere in this great shifting panorama of life the warmth of love that had no more legitimate outlet. Tana hardly knew her father. He never wrote. True, he paid her bills ; but how little that weighs with a child in comparison with warm, ever-present, manifest affection ! A nurse who ties its sashes and gives it food is dearer than a seldom-seen parent.

Tana had a temper that flamed up sometimes, and Tana was thoughtless as a flower ; but you might question far and near and find a common

verdict in favor of the purity, the loveliness, the ladyhood of Mary Tanager's daughter; and everybody would add, "She is so pretty." On Sundays as she tripped down the church aisle behind some escort in her cool white muslin, the dimples sedately put out of sight and a pretty air of reverence substituted, no wonder the usher would lead her for a seat to the very "amen corner" of the crowded church; no wonder the escort who fanned her so assiduously found her fair. When she lifted her clear young eyes and looked (as girls will) over the crowded house, she read only kindness and good will in the faces turned toward her. Who would withhold it from so fair, so sweet, so cool a vision of unaffected maidenhood? Tana liked church. She liked to hear Dr. Beardsley preach. She liked the quiet, earnest text, the thunder of the organ and the onswEEP of voices as the congregation joined in "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of my Soul," "Joy to the World," old hymns they had sung in the days she had worshiped with her mother in the little frame church, before the town had grown so and this handsome brick house of God had been reared for its thousand worshipers. Tana was not a member of any church; she drifted to this especial building because everybody else did. She was familiar with the grave, white face that, Sunday after Sunday, appeared above the great Bible on the flower-banked pulpit—a shrewd, intellectual, almost bloodless face that could kindle grandly when he taught the hidden things of God to his flock. A powerful orator, a many-minded man, he caught subtle suggestions from everything he touched—life, nature, art, the Book, humanity; a man of deep, consecrated piety, yet stern to harshness where the precepts of the church were concerned. Tana stood in awe of him.

But listen! He was reading words she never heard, for pretty Tana did not know much of the Bible. First Corinthians, second chapter; mysteries! And the girl was curious about them. She listened well. The winged words lodged in many souls. And when the argument was finished, the minister took up the painful part of his duty—censure. Said he disliked to do it, but he must speak against the Kirmess; that to him the dance was a piece of sensuous silliness, unpardonable in a serious woman, the gay cloak of vice, the gateway to so much sin or, at best, to emptiness. He begged his listeners to think, to examine themselves and see if they engaged in it really for charity or for the fun, the frolic? If for charity, the cost of the costumes and the expense of instruction given outright would double the amount the hospital received; and the six weeks of rehearsal might have been put to better use. It was a dangerous thing, this dressing charity up in gay world's attire. For his part, he could not see how any self-respecting woman could paint her face, shorten her attire, bare her neck and arms, represent depraved foreign women such as Cleopatra and her dancing girls, and prance around before a great crowd in such style. He supposed they had not thought. Then he pictured charity as Christ taught it, and asked how many of those flaunting their tinsel and paint before the eyes of men had gone into that same hospital and sought to alleviate with smile, or cheery word of sympathy, or the soft voice of the reader, the woes of the poor creatures—broken in life and hope—that rested on its cots? Who had questioned as to their fitness for the hereafter or soothed the dying pillow in His name who promises "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me?"

Not many, he feared. For they were paupers, those inmates for whom society had had this fantastic revel ; the very scum of the masses ; many of them negroes, ignorant and brutal ; and the hospital was bare, and there were homely duties and offensive smells before which dainty worldliness would fly affrighted. Yet there were souls in those suffering bodies ; they were no worse than the coarse thieves between whom Christ was hung, no more repellant than the lepers he purified. He did not condemn the motive of the Kirmess dancers ; it was the means.

As the strong voice pleaded for help for the poor—the wretched—Tana sent a second look out over the congregation. She saw earnest faces, thoughtful attention concentrated pulpit-ward. It flashed over her that it was very noble to be a standard bearer for the right, to lift and stir the best in men ; that it was a fit mission for genius. Heaven might seem as far off to the young heart listening as it did in her childish days, but a tender awe steals over her to feel the nearness of Christ. Who does not know the repentant pang with which we face the thoughtless sins that wound His everlasting heart of tenderness ? Slow-gathering, unshed tears filled Tana's eyes that lend the minister's white face a blurred halo, and she hears as in a dream the ringing voice with its pleading, solemn words. And when the congregation rise and with bowed heads hear the benediction, "Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus, Amen," it seems to the girl that she never realized before how solemn a place church might be.

Down the crowded aisle to the organist's bright strains, Tana and her escort go in silence, unbroken until two or three step forward from the group of gentlemen about the door to join them in their homeward walk.

"Preacher rather scored us to-day, didn't he ?" says Nance.

"It was very true and beautiful," Tana answers quietly. "I never thought of it all in that way."

"Now, Miss Morgan," Ramsey protests from his place on the outskirts of the pavement and the quartette, "if you let Dr. Beardsley scare you out of dancing, it will be a shame. We fellows will set up an opposition to him. We won't stand his tampering with the best dancer in the place. Why," said he, waxing enthusiastic, "you turned the heads of half the men in town last week. I'll bet no professional could beat you."

"You are very kind," the girl answers with little interest. She does not care to say that her pretty fabric of exultation and vain-glory over her dancing has been ruined by the plain, unvarnished truth she has heard to-day ; but it has come to her that it is all useless, if no worse, and that she is but a part and parcel of all this useless prettiness. It seems to her newly awakened vision that in all her nineteen years she has never done anything in His name, and the solemn importance of this fact engrosses her so she can not listen to idle chit-chat ; and when they reach the door of the hotel where she and her father live, she does not ask them in, nor does she stop in the parlor, but, after a courteous adieu, goes straight to her own room.

"What's the matter with Miss Tana ?" queries one of the friends who joined her after church.

"Don't know ! The sermon seemed to move her some way ; and it was enough to," answers her escort, lighting a cigar and passing out.

Above stairs in her cool curtained room, Tina stands before the mirror, taking the pins out of her hat with slow, mechanical touch. Her eyes gaze beyond the swaying white curtains ; beyond the fair vista of hills,

foliage-crowned and blue ; up to the cloudless dome against whose smiling, soft, far-reaching height so many searching thoughts, aspiring hopes and human questionings have beaten unanswered.

And thought comes close to Tana. In its train were all the waiting trio she had eyed askance across the fallow fields of childhood and of hope ; and as she sat with her father through the lengthy midday dinner, and chatted with her afternoon callers, she felt a curious sense of unrealness. About her were the faces and facts of the day previous, and yet somehow the merriment and satisfaction, so genuinely her refuge and riches heretofore, left her without warning. For the second time, perplexity shadowed Tanaquil.

III.

The girl drooped noticeably. The sparkle in her was drowned, carried out of sight by the resistless undercurrent of thought that, sooner or later, sweeps into the solemn sea of life all that is tender, young and gay. Ball and picnic and sail, euchre and tea drinking and tally-ho, all the gay rout grew monotonous to the little maid. The long nights in her pretty bedroom, when she was too hot and restless to sleep, made her nervous, brought dark circles under her eyes, and made her tired next day. So when strangers said to Lucas Morgan, "Your daughter seems sick," he called in a physician. Miss Tana was questioned and examined and pronounced "run down" and feverish. The M. D. shook his head over society girls, their reckless waste of vitality and beauty-sleep. He hinted at his many fever patients and recommended change of air, until the result was Miss Morgan's banishment to the mountains—not to a crowded fashionable resort, but a place Dr. Tate knew in the Cumberlands.

She was to go in charge of Miss Meg Beardsley, who had such sovereign contempt for Lucas Morgan that some persuasion was brought to bear before she would consent to chaperone his daughter ; for Miss Meg's views were lacking in the charity that made her brother beloved. A more prejudiced, energetic, meddlesome spinster could hardly be imagined. Loving and faithful to "Dick," as she most irreverently dubbed the minister, Dick and Dick's children were her soul's delight. Richard Beardsley was thirty-nine ; his children, nine and two respectively. Florence was a delicate, fair-haired girl, with her father's face—but baby Clem ! Why, he had not his match for ruddy, riotous boyhood. A masterful, crowing, willful, sunny boy ! Miss Meg objected to Tana as a "fly-up-the-creek"—whatever that may mean—and insisted she would not look after a girl who kept all sorts of late hours. But Dr. Tate knew the managing kindness under the rough exterior, and put Tana in her charge as a motherless chick that needed looking after ; so the arrangement was made and the day set for departure.

A dozen or so of Tana's friends saw her off. The waiting room where she was to meet the Beardsleys was noisy with their voices as they crowded about her, buying her ticket, bringing her flowers and candy and books. Miss Meg was not extraordinarily pleased to see this flock of admirers. She had her share of shrewd common sense, and behind the willingness to chaperone the motherless belle and beauty lay the covert fear that "Dick"

too, might feel the same stirrings ; for it was so transparently a fact that Tana had power with men that he who ran might read. It excited the spinster's indignation that a thoughtless chit should have the magnetism to draw her brother into that giddy set of society youngsters, for the Rev. Dr. Beardsley might be seen, even then, pushing his way into their midst and shaking hands with the girl in evident pleasure, and she was looking up into his face in a way that roused the old maid's ire. Men were willfully blind to everything but a pretty face. Such fools, too ! 'Twould be just like him, she thought, just like him to fall in love ; for circumspect as had been the widower's conduct and godly as he was, Miss Meg classed him along with all the rest of men. They were to her an obstreperous, pig-

headed set, given over to devious ways and divers evil deeds. She had resented and grumbled at the frail first wife, though no one had been tenderer to the consumptive ; and now that he had been angled for until gossips had harassed and hampered him sick, she took fright at this wistful little face because its pure appeal moved something down in her grim old rock-bottomed heart ; and if it touched her she gave a man up for gone.

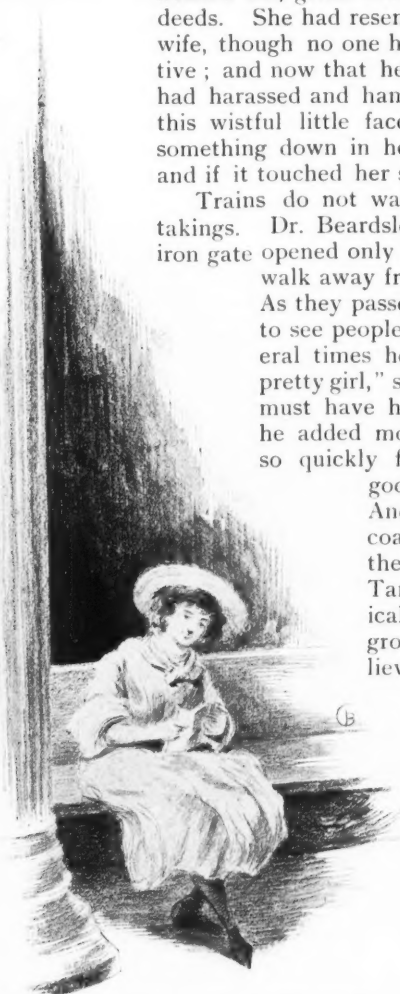
Trains do not wait for even the pleasantest leave-takings. Dr. Beardsley was right foolishly glad that the iron gate opened only to ticket holders and that he could walk away from them all with Tana by his side.

As they passed between trains, he was pleased to see people look at her so attentively. Several times he caught the expression " what a pretty girl," so clearly uttered that he knew she must have heard, and when she gave no sign he added modesty to the list of virtues he had so quickly found in her—beauty, sweetness,

good breeding, grace, intelligence. And Miss Meg, seeing the clerical coat whisking along so contentedly, the clerical hand clasped down on Tana's neat little grip sack, the clerical face so smilingly attentive, groaned inwardly : nor was she relieved when they were settled inside

the car, and Tana had waved her adieux and had made friends with Clem, who clutched at her flowers, shouting, " Gi' baby pitty fower, ep pease," and pursuing up his warm red, mouth for the kiss he knew must pay for them.

The ride was a revelation to Tana. For the first time she had all to herself a great man and one interested in entertaining her. And what a ride



THE "AMEN CORNER" OF THE CROWDED CHURCH.

from Atlanta towards Nashville for the thoughtful and imaginative! Mountains, plains, rivers, villages. It was like a dream—this route so rich in historic and heroic interest. Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, and Dr. Beardsley's eloquent words explaining all the glorious, bloody drama of the Civil War to her; pointing out here a fort and there a fort where something gallant had been done; peopling the solitudes for her until Bragg's Road became not merely the rockiest of lonely mountain roads but the steep path of duty, thronged with patient, foot-sore, heroic men. And old Kennesaw again wrapped itself in the sheeted flame and smoke of battle and rocked under the thunder of cannon, while the heroes charged its ramparts and swept its rugged crest of rock.

They stopped a night in Nashville as Dr. Beardsley had business to transact; besides, Clem and Tana were tired—too tired to enjoy the climb up the mountain next day. Then up, up, past Tullahoma, Cowan, Sewanee, Monteagle, to their destination near Beersheba.

In after years Richard Beardsley never forgot the two weeks spent on that mountain top. It was warm even at that altitude. When the sun glowed down and heated the crags too hot for even the basking lizards; when the long freight engines pulled their coils of red ore-filled boxes up the mountain grade, puffing hoarsely; when everything wilted under the glare, the little party would escape to the hammocks, which his care had swung for them under the old walnut by the cliff where the breeze, always strong and cool, tossed the long arms of the tree with a soothing rustle. Words were lacking to express the delights of the roofless freedom, as they swung there and watched the sun melt, soften, and stretch to infinitude the blue mountain line with never a break in the sky—a fathomless, oceanic immensity of golden, blue-gray space. They all grew well; one could not help forgetting self and infirmities, there was such a sense of life in the immeasurable reaches of sunshine.

Tana learned of these amethystine distances and loved them. She did not give her time to dreaming entirely, but romped with Clem and helped Miss Meg, and roamed with Florence and her father through the old garden with its squashes and sage, its stunted apple trees and fringe of corn in the rear. They made daily excursions to the spring—clear, cold and fern-set, that flowed from under "Bigrock," as the mountaineers called the crag in front of their cottage. They followed its waters as they leaped and swirled and bounded down the mountain side, now stealing softly under the rhododendron and laurel, now lying in still, deep pools reflecting earth and sky.

Tana was seeing the mysteries. And do you wonder that her soul grew fast and strong on these mountain heights—these rock-ribbed silences? And was it strange that he who knew the way of life, who could walk steadily where she was bewildered, who could be calm where her heart swirled in tumult of novelty—was it strange that he should teach her of that other life both human and divine, that Help set amid the hills of Galilee, who sought the mountain solitude, who went apart in them to pray; should teach her of those heights of Golgotha and the Mount of Transfiguration, of Sinai, Nebo, and Carmel, until the wonderful mountain panorama of the two Testaments lay distinctly before her; until on their peaks she kindled her altars and brought her first fruits of love to God and man—her little, tender, loving heart—was it strange?



"A VERITABLE SPANISH DANCING GIRL."

After two weeks Dr. Beardsley left, promising to return later.

"I shall go without news, if you and Florence do not take pity on me," he said to Tana on leaving. "My sister is a horrible correspondent."

He was wise enough in his way, and he wished very much to know what thoughts came and went under the golden-red curls and looked at him so shyly out of her clear, deep eyes. He knew it was dangerous to give rein to his fancy for this dainty, graceful girl; because he knew her by repute—a butterfly of society, a dancing, card-playing, lovable flirt. He had thought her the combination of all that was detestable in womanhood, but this pure little face flushed so daintily under his keen glances; there was nothing bold or hard or reckless about the girl looking out through those earnest eyes. And the picture that he carried away with him, and that took unto itself a most perverse trick of popping unexpectedly in sight after the selahs of his Psalms, was this:

Ridge after ridge of faint, far-reaching blue folded softly against an evening sky; a great desolate boulder that had pushed its shoulder through the mountain foliage and peered, frowning and sullen, into the valley below; crowning its topmost rock a slender figure in white, her thoughtful face turned toward the distant purple range where, even as she looked, the moon's silver sickle showed faintly, and a star or two came out in the violet expanse above her, and the day's fevered heat, a lurid ball of fire, sank slowly, cooling itself in the great calm of God's peace; and the creeping, shadowy mists, stretching spectral hands towards its splendor, rolled for one hectic second, a sea of borrowed gold against the crag, and slunk back into darkness as the day died.

IV.

Tana forgot the world but the world did not forget her. Letters one day prepared her to join a party of excursionists from her native city to Sewanee and Montegale. Dr. Beardsley was to lecture at the Assembly grounds. Lieutenant Cannon proposed giving her a complimentary german at the former place; but for the lecture and the fact that Dr. Beardsley was coming to spend some days with them before the party should go to Montegale, Tana would have declined. Somehow she cared little for the german, though Lieutenant Cannon was one of her best friends, and all girls like West Pointers. They went, however; and what is more, they domiciled themselves inside the grounds, choosing the Mississippi Home. Here the Beardsleys saw Tana in a new light. Dr. Beardsley lost the plastic student of nature and Bible truths, and found instead an intangible sort of creature. The truth is, Tana was half afraid of him; and now that they were in the midst of people she took refuge in society, which piqued him—he hardly knew why.

Tana's beauty had blossomed amazingly in these two months. Others besides Dr. Beardsley noted it to-night as she came into the reception room of the Home before starting to the german, to peep at herself in the only good mirror about the place. Her dress was heliotrope gauze with bunches of Parma violets on her corsage, in her hair, and all about her fluffy skirt.

Facing the fairest vision that old glass ever reflected, Tana admitted to Miss Meg, who had been coaxed into helping her make ready, that she

liked her dress. Miss Meg's "humph" might not have sounded so gruff if Tana had understood all the fears lurking behind it. Tana in the wild woods and Tana here with her gleaming neck and arms and this fairy dress were two different things. Much his sister feared that Dick would see and be led astray by—. She knew it—there he was, coming towards Tana, amazed, displeased, yet with a look in his eyes of unmistakable admiration. Tana saw it, too.

"I'm going to a german," she said archly; "how do you like my dress?" He eyed her from the tips of her gold slippers to the curls on her golden head.

"What there is of it is pretty enough," he said. She blushed scarlet at his tone, and drew herself up in a way that brought a second groan from Miss Meg.

"It is a false note in your new life," he continued; "you know how I look at the dance. Miss Tana, please don't go. I had no idea you contemplated anything of the kind. I can't bear to think of you as indulging in a senseless romp, hugged about the room in the arms of first one man and then another."

Phew! Tana raged. How coarse he was—this man she had thought great and noble—how impertinently coarse! All the more angry she was because forced to acknowledge there was some truth in his view, and because of rebellion against the power by which he could make conventional, accepted things appear useless, silly, coarse. Ah, little Tana, you will have to go back to your crag, your trysting place with the mysteries, to learn some things! His power? Ah, it was given him by the most terrible of your trio—love. Against the foe he arms, a little, ignorant, faulty, passionate child like you has not the shadow of a chance! What answer Tana might have made is not to be chronicled, for Lieutenant Cannon appeared on the scene and bore her off.

"Isn't she beautiful, papa?" said Florence.

"Not to God, my dear," he answers anxiously.

"Isn't she? Well, I wish I was going to the party in a pretty dress, with a soldier to take care of me," said the child.

Already the taint of this girl's wrong-doing was touching Florence, he thought. Her beauty had hidden immodesty of dress and the sin of the dance. It hurt him keenly, because he loved her and yet owed it to his high office to put no woman in the responsible place of minister's wife, who was so giddy and useless as Tanaquil. She could neither sew nor keep house; she was not fit to guide young lives; and bitterly he owned to himself that she was as she had been painted—only a beautiful, useless child who toyed with life. She had no spiritual training, no high aims. He did not know what strength lay in her, yet she drew him in a thousand ways. He wanted her; so he prayed and thought, and she danced the night away.

The morning light looking into the two faces found his haggard and resolute, hers tear-flushed and wistful, and the longing that was hidden behind both only the night and God knew. Heigh ho! Tana flirted and queened it, and the rift grew wider, and the sympathy and the mutual interest of the crag days was a thing of the past. His grave reserve hurt the girl beyond words; he did not know how she loved him, nor how it frightened her, nor how determined she was to hide it, nor how old she felt, for she had lived many, many years since that Kirmess. Love

enough came to her, for one after another sued to the beauty. Even Lieutenant Cannon put his brass buttons at her service for life. But Tana did not love these people ; she would have given anything to help and comfort the tired, white-faced man, twenty years her senior, who was treating her with such grave, polite displeasure. Tana reached out her hands for the high things of life now that she knew of them. Dr. Beardsley might have been touched had he known the plans she was harboring, which were



"THE CLERICAL HAND CLASPED ON TANA'S NEAT GRIP SACK."

that when autumn came she might go away and learn to be practical and helpful. She felt there must be places where motherless girls could learn such things.

Finally Tana took matters into her own hands. "I'm tired of this place, Miss Meg. Let's go back to our crag," she said, blushing under the keen glance given her by that watchful spinster.

"I'll do whatever Dick says," was her answer. And as the children had not been so well lately, the answer was in the affirmative and it was done.

V.

As the familiar rock loomed in view of the car windows, Tana's heart grew peaceful. No sooner had they reached their cottage than she and Florence started to the spring.

"Be careful how you go out on the crag," Dr. Beardsley called to them. "They told me at the station that a piece of it had shelved since we left and fallen fifty feet—the outer ledge is unsafe. It ought to be blown off, but they fear so much rock might fall that the spring would be stopped."

That night after supper, when Miss Meg was putting the children to bed, Dr. Beardsley came out on the vine-clad porch and sat down by Tana. There was witchcraft in the night. Not content with flooding the valley with white radiance, the moon parted the purple blooms of the chaste trees and looked down on the two figures. One is resolute and quiet; the other speaks.

"Dr. Beardsley."

"Yes, Miss Tana."

"I want to tell you I'm sorry I danced. I did not think it was any harm. I had not been reared that way. I do not mean to blame those who trained me either, for they were lovely people. You look at it so differently; you have made it seem undesirable," she says hesitatingly, "so—so—oh, I don't want to dance any more! I just despise that german."

"Did you despise it before or after you went?"

"Right while you were talking."

"Then why did you go?"

"Well, you see I had promised, and Lieutenant Cannon had taken the trouble and expense to carry me to it, and it was too late to back out, and be a kill-joy at the last moment."

"You were that to me. While you danced, I—I wore away the night in useless struggle."

A pause and Tana's heart stood still.

"I'm afraid of you," he said, slowly.

A quick pang runs through the girl's heart.

"Afraid of *me*? Why, Dr. Beardsley! I'm very sorry," she adds gently, as something seems to rise in her throat. "I did not mean to be wicked; I did not mean to be useless or silly. If I had had a mother, I might have been like other girls."

The note of wistful longing in her voice touches and tempts him sorely.

"If you will tell me what a girl ought to do," she says, "I will try to do it."

"Dick, oh, Dick," cries Miss Meg from the upper window. She does not know what they are up to, but thinks Dick had better be busy on his sermon than sitting in the moonlight with the prettiest flirt in the country. She loves Tana, but will have lingering doubts of her. She seems fair enough; but subtlety, Miss Meg knows, is a flirt's chief weapon.

He turns to Tana and answers earnestly:

"I will; or what is better still, I will show you a model. I must see

what Meg wants," he affirms, rising, but adds softly, as the farmer's family come out on the porch, "Heaven bless you, Tanaquil!"

His benediction and her name fill her heart with joy. Her soul on wings of happy thought flies out into silvered space, and she dreams dreams. Later, as she kneels by the open window of her room to thank God for her friend, this strong, beautiful nature that she means to try so hard to grow up to, she hears voices.

"But, Meg," one of them is saying, "the girl has a singularly sweet, true nature."

"Yes, yes, that's what you men say when the face that hides it is so pretty; but what do you know of her? Nothing! She is a sweet sort of a girl, but comes of no-account stock. You have got all you can attend to, without taking another child to train and manage; and then, Dick, she is too young and giddy. She can't help dancing and flirting and having half the idle men in the country hanging about her, any more than she can help the color of her hair. It ain't meanness in her, it's nature; and the plain truth is, she ain't fit for a preacher's wife, and you know it. She hasn't even tried living without her parties and fine clothes except up here, and I guess you remember how she went at them when she got back among folks that liked them. Her father and mother never denied themselves anything they wanted. She's sweet enough now, but you ain't able to get her what she's used to. Her mother got pretty sour when she was crossed, and this one hasn't got her red head for nothing. Can you deny it?" queried the sister.

Tana held her breath.

"You are right," said the voice she knew so well; "I ought not to have put myself in the way of such a temptation. She is beautiful and lovable and useless, as you say, and for the sake of my work and my children I must be strong. But she draws me, Meg, she draws me as nothing ever did; she is so beautiful."

"That's just it; if she wasn't so uncommonly pretty, you'd never on earth have picked such a young, ignorant, dancing, card-playing child for a pastor's wife."

"That is true," said the man's voice.

"Do you think she'd ever help you in your work? Ever convert anybody?"

"I doubt it."

"You're a sight too old for her. You'd be a laughing stock. You'd better go along home before you get deeper into temptation."

Alas for the clash between duty and desire!

"It's only fair to her," Miss Meg continued; "that's the reason I called you in off the porch. I like her, I haven't anything against her; but I don't want you to be tangled up in any affair that will hurt you. She ain't fit for your wife, Dick."

There was no answer. Richard Beardsley's face was in his hands. Miss Meg went back to Clem, well content with her work. There was a sound of a window closing somewhere, and night settled down over the mountain cottage. Nobody knew that one little human being was hurt to the quick, her sunny, trustful, loving soul having been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." A temptation and a hindrance they had called her—fit for his fancy, not for his life. Poor Tana, poor child! getting so wise through pain. She knew all the mysteries now but one.

When Florence went to breakfast next morning, she said her roommate had a headache and desired nothing to eat. Miss Meg went up to see but the room was darkened, and Tana affirmed she would be well in a little while if only she could sleep. So she was left to herself.

To sleep? Can any one sleep when daylight and a great grief confront one another? She lay with tortured brain and heart, with head that throbbed most wearily until it became unendurable. She dressed herself and went down stairs, hoping the fresh air and peace that brooded over the mountains might help her. Nature had heretofore soothed her. The crag was very near the house. On it the farmer's wife and Miss Meg sat shelling beans for dinner. Down under the walnut tree Dr. Beardsley lay in the hammock, pondering his sister's views, meditative, self-distrustful, unhappy; counting the cost of putting Tana out of his life. The day was warm and sunny and bright. It was the old world Tana had known for nineteen years—the same people she had been with all summer—and yet — Up to this time she had been a radiant, happy thing, if she was useless; but now she would never carry in her bosom the heart of a child any more.

Mechanically she walked towards the rock where the country woman and Miss Meg were deep in housewifely discussion. Suddenly she saw that which made her blood run cold. On the edge of the perilous ledge, reaching out his baby hands in glee at the sunny valley and awful death below him, was baby Clem! With a bound Tana sprang on the rock, gasping out a cry to Miss Meg who turned and saw in an instant the peril. "Call him, call him, don't go to him!" the aunt cried; and Tana obeyed. But with a shout of laughter the baby took a step further and Tana knew that death must be faced for Dr. Beardsley's boy. Not a second does she pause—this useless, frivolous thing—but springs upon the scaling ledge as lightly as she bounded on the boards in that Kirmess for which they had so chided her. Now she catches him by the dress; she hears an ominous cracking sound. She throws him with frantic energy back to safety in the strong arms of his aunt, as with hoarse, sullen thunder the ledge breaks loose and crashes down the valley. The hills take up the thunder, reverberating it through their coves and recesses—and Tanaquil's little day is done!

Dr. Beardsley was first to reach her, crashing through the underbrush like a madman before the roar had ceased. She was neither bruised nor marred. Being light, she had fallen farther out than the rock. He bore her up the old spring path with the bitterness of death in his heart, yet with a wild hope that God might be merciful and work him the miracle of her return to life—maimed, maybe, but dearer a thousand times in her helplessness than in her radiant thoughtlessness. But the dead do not answer even love, and Tanaquil has joined the mysteries!

When, days later, the dead girl's room had been sorted, they found her mountain diary written on that fatal morning. They gave it to Dr. Beardsley, and there he saw, amid the record of the purest thoughts that a pure girl's heart can hold, the secret of her love for him, and read aright the secret of her sacrifice—just a golden sparkle on the sullen flood that sweeps out to the ocean of Eternity!

Lidie Avirett Rivers.



COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

NOTE—Brief comments on timely topics of social, economic or non-partisan political questions, as well as criticism of current literature, art and science are desired for this department.—EDITOR.

No Jury, No Witnesses. After many years of discussion, our advanced and elevated minds have definitely decided that the jury has survived its usefulness, if it ever were a proper means to a true deliverance in civil and criminal disputes, and that it is now detrimental and subversive of right and justice. Its abolition, and the substitution of the judge in its place (one man for twelve), now only await the necessary amendments to our Federal and State constitutions—it being proved and agreed that the judge is necessarily and infallibly more learned, more intelligent and more honest than the jury is or can be. In like manner, our advanced and elevated minds will in due time dispose of the legislature in favor of the governor, of Congress in favor of the President, *et cetera*, until all men and things shall be controlled serenely and happily by some "best" man, approved (and selected) by our self-designated advanced and elevated minds. How all this is to be accomplished does not yet appear, as these very superior minds (by their own account) seem to be sedulously excluded (by some occult process), not only from juries, but from legislatures and from Congress. Perhaps, however, we shall be reformed in spite of ourselves by the example of some other country, and by a judicious placing of our advanced and elevated minds in certain professorial chairs of our colleges and universities.

In view of the pending abolition of the jury, it becomes important to consider, and for like reasons, whether it would be wise or otherwise to abolish witnesses also—all evidence and its rules—and to give the judge something fairer and better than testimony upon which to base his judgments. If we are to believe

a title of what we read and hear so often, our trial by evidence has practically reverted to the ancient trial by purgation, and is simply a contest in which victory goes to the side having the greater array of swift witnesses—*ceteris paribus*. The unreliability of circumstantial evidence has long been insisted on, and demonstrated, too, by blood-curdling and hair-raising instances. In fact, it is shown by the records that the courts more frequently hang or otherwise punish the wrong man than does the mob. If lately an innocent negro was lynched, we have two recent cases bruited by the press in which the courts just as signally miscarried. In one of these cases (in Texas) a man was sent to the penitentiary for life on a conviction of murder, and one of the first persons he met in that institution was the very man he was supposed to have murdered. In the other case, a man mysteriously disappeared. He was last seen going into the woods with the paramour of his wife. It further appeared, on the trial of the wife and her paramour for murder, that they had agreed to get rid of the superfluous husband. Results, wife imprisoned for life and paramour hanged. Possibly he should have been hanged and she imprisoned. Nevertheless, it now transpires that the husband, instead of being a victim, has victimized his wife and her lover—he having secretly gone off for the purpose of involving them in trouble about his disappearance, and now being alive and *riant* in Missouri.

But, certainly, if anything has been wholly discredited in connection with the so-called administration of justice, it is circumstantial evidence, or presumptive proof. And now comes Mr. James W. Clarke, in the July *Atlantic*, to remind us as has often been done before, of the perils

attaching to direct evidence; and he seems to establish quite positively that it is hardly as reliable as circumstantial evidence. Of course, it follows that neither kind of testimony is conclusive, and that either may be fatally misleading. Nobody can doubt this. Even our advanced and elevated minds must assent to it. There are professional witnesses, as well as professional jurors. All of us recollect the scene when Mr. Pickwick sought a lawyer to defend him in the famous suit brought against him by the widow Bardwell: how the senior Weller strenuously advised him to prove an *alibi*, the willing witnesses *en evidence* all around. In fact, it is "as easy as lying" to prove that ever since Cain slew Abel down to Ananias and Sapphira, until the present day, witnesses, on the whole, are much more erring, false and venal than any twelve men chosen at random can be, although the best twelve ever known to us had a Judas among them.

It ought to be manifest that to abolish the jury without also abolishing the witnesses will be only a partial and abortive reform, as the witnesses are really more untrustworthy than the jury; and hence, when the one goes, the other, on equally cogent grounds, must also go. Sydney Smith, it will be remembered, declared that he refrained from reading a book before reviewing it, lest he might thereby be prejudiced either for or against it. For like reasons, the judge (the jury gone) should not hear any evidence—and for the additional reasons that such evidence may be mistaken, or misleading, or utterly false and perjured. The futility of evidence, anyhow, is pretty well settled by "Historic Doubts About Napoleon Bonaparte," in which Archbishop Whately raises the question whether or not the great Frenchman ever existed at all—as he assuredly did not as painted and described by the Holy Alliance and its witnesses.

The witnesses, then, following the jury into equally-deserved, if not innocuous, desuetude, what shall the judge have to aid him to right decisions? It goes without saying that the lawyers go when jury and witnesses are gone; the judge himself being fully learned in the law, impartial, incorruptible and infallible—more or less. It will hardly do to go back to the olden trials by combat or by fire or

by water; although the last would be final and decisive, at least, as the suitor establishing his right or innocence would drown, and thus happily escape all further trouble here about the matter. We might resort to euchre, or dice, the judge presiding or taking a hand as he should elect. Yet the cards might be stocked, or the dice loaded; or one of the players might act the Heathen Chinee. Perhaps, as a finality in fairness, we might toss a coin (gold, of course); or we might take to some of the usual methods of lot or lottery. But, after a full survey of the difficulties in an advanced and elevated mood, it is clear that in every case the judge should be left, untrammelled, to his own devices; and we should abide in the calm content of faith that the priest of the Temple of Justice can do no wrong. If the priest and his fellows should smile when they meet, we should reflect how well it is to be both merry and wise, and that, in any event, it is better for all of us to laugh than to weep.

W. C. Elam.

Karl Theodor Korner. One morning at Karlsbad, tired of sipping *sprudel wasser* and of watching the Polish Jews in their frowzy gaberdines, we ascended the steps that seemed to open suddenly through Muhlbrunn colonnade and to end nowhere. But *they* did not behave so abruptly; for after a turn *we* found ourselves coming out upon the top of the colonnade itself, which afforded a high balustraded promenade overlooking the valley, and as sunshiny as even an invalid's heart might wish. The prospect was very attractive. From the narrow sarcenet band of the shining little river, the green umbrage of the hillsides rose like fluffy draperies of shadowed velvet. Castellated buildings glistened amid their shades; like a jeweled belt upon the waist of a dancing girl glittered the little watering place, where the valley turned to half-circle the hill.

We had seen one pair of lovers and were beginning to feel their sweet contagion infect our thoughts, when just off the path, well hidden by its bushy recess niched into the hill, we found the object of search—the cenotaph of Korner. The privacy of leafy shade suggested the

salient characteristic of the hero-lyrist. From the covert of his lyric nature his dramatic passion leaped into expression, and out of a life devoted to close studentship his fiery patriotism sprang like an ambushed Uhland upon his foe.

What a modern Tyrtæus he was! What a boy to win so large a chaplet of fame! Not twenty-two years of age, he was proficient in gymnastics, riding, swimming, fencing. He had studied languages, history and mathematics. He was adept in various kinds of fine wood-carving, could sketch and play the guitar. He made mastery of the poetical work of Goethe and Schiller. He worked in the School of Mines at Freiberg, learning mineralogy and chemistry for two years, and thence went to the Leipsic University to pursue philosophy, history and anatomy. From Leipsic to Berlin, and then to Vienna with letters to Humboldt and Schlegel! Did ever modern or ancient aspirant do so much and do it well in so short a time?

In July, 1812, his two dramatic pieces, "The Bride" and "The Green Domino," are acted at the Vienna Court Theater with great success. In fifteen months appear a dozen dramatic pieces, some librettos of operas, and many short lyrics.

In January, 1813, at a little over twenty-one years of age, he is poet to the Court Theater, at Vienna, and is betrothed to a young lady known, it seems, only as the "Toni" of his correspondence. In March he springs to arms in answer to *The Fatherland's Call in the Struggle for Liberation*. At Breslau he joins the Prussian free-corps under the command of Lutzow. The band of fiery patriots are solemnly consecrated in the village church at Rogan, the service opening with a chorale, set to Korner's own words, and closing with Luther's grand *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*.

Glory, fame honor ring their peals in the young lieutenant-and-adjutant's brain. His comrades, as did those of the Spartan Tyrtæus, sing his martial lyrics by the watch-fires of the bivouac.

His commander is lured by treachery into ambush, and Korner is cut down in the midst of what he had a right to believe a friendly armistice. He escapes death by swerving his horse and by flight. From just such a thicket, per-

haps, as here screens his granite cenotaph, he shouts in hoarse bluster repeated orders of advance to an imaginary body of cavalry, scares the treacherous enemy, and, fainting with his wound, manages to escape to Leipsic, thence to Karlsbad.

Healing is found in the cooling shades, in the care of friends, or in these soothing waters, and he hurries off again in August to the scene of activity on the banks of the Elbe. Near Rosenberg he waits in a wood to attack the enemy in flank, and during a brief halt composes his famous Sword Song.

"A song for the death-day of the brave,

A song of pride;

For him that went to a hero's grave

With the sword, his bride."

Thus Mrs. Hemans alludes to this fiery lyric, in which he compares his sword to a bride, this love rhapsody to his weapon, this last *Schwertlied* of a poet's heart, throbbing with the ruddy vigor of the hero's breast. It is scribbled in his note-book, two hours before his mortal wound, in the gray dawn of an autumn morning, and the order comes to him to advance while he hurriedly reads it to a friend.

His body lies beneath an old oak on the roadside near the village of Wobbelin, interred with the honors of war and shaded by the tremulous leaves through all the days and nights of this war-shaken time.

"He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone,
Beneath his hand,

Had thrilled to the name of his God alone,
And his Fatherland."

Clifford Lanier.

The Heavenly Twins. From the high cathedral tower of the old town of Morningquest the chimes rang out a single bar from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," carrying the solemn assurance that "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps." After the last reverberation of the last stroke of every hour had died away, and just when expectation had been succeeded by the sense of silence, they rang it out by day and night; and the four winds of heaven, by day and night, spread it abroad over the great, wicked city, and over the fair, flat country, by many a tiny township and peaceful farmstead and scattered hamlet, on, on, it was said, to the sea—to the sea which was twenty miles away.

Many doubted this, though good men and true, who knew the music well, declared they had heard it, every note distinct, on summer evenings when they sat on the beach and the waves were still. The doubters, although they confessed that they knew nothing of the distance sound may travel under special circumstances, ventured nevertheless to assert that the chime the people heard on those occasions was ringing in their own hearts, and, indeed, it would have been strange if those in whose mothers' ears it had rung before they were born, who knew it for one of their first sensations and felt it to be, like a blood relation, a part of themselves, had not carried the memory of it with them wherever they went, ready to respond at any moment like sensitive chords vibrating to a touch.

The chime certainly had power to move the hearts of many, though doubtless the majority of those who had ears to hear in the old-fashioned city heard not, use having dulled their faculties; or, if the music reached them, it conveyed no idea to their minds and passed unheeded. There were times when it was especially apt to strike home—in the early morning when the mind was fresh, and hope was strong enough to interpret the assurance into a promise of joy; and again at noon when fatigue was growing and the mind perceived a sympathetic melancholy in the tones which was altogether restful; but it was at midnight it had most power; it seemed to rise then to the last pitch of enthusiasm, sounding triumphant like the special effort that finishes a strain, as if to speed the departing interval of time.

To the author of "The Heavenly Twins" the chimes spoke loudly, telling many things unheeded by or incomprehensible to the majority of those who passed at her side within its range. To her it appeared as if the supremacy of the great masculine idea was at last being seriously threatened, for even in Morningquest a new voice had already been heard; not his, the voice of man, but theirs, the collective voice of humanity, which declared that "He, watching," was the all-pervading good, the great moral law, the spirit of pure love, Elohim, mistranslated in the book of Genesis as "He" only, but signifying the union to which all nature testifies, the male and female principles which together created the universe, the infi-

nite father and mother without whom in perfect accord and exact equality the best government of nations has always been crippled and abortive. This is the message which the writer undertakes to convey to the public through the mouth of her heroine, Evadne, who found herself forced to put prejudice aside in order to see beneath it, deep down into the sacred heart of things, where the truth is, and the bewildering clash of human precept with human practice ceases to vex. Her habit was to take everything *au grand sérieux* and to consider it. People who liked her views said they saw the guiding hand of Providence directing her course from the first; those who opposed her said it was the devil; and others again set it all down to the inevitable, a fashionable first cause at the time, comprehensive, convenient and inoffensive, since it might mean anything and so suit itself to everybody's prejudices. It was upon the holy estate of matrimony that Evadne's views were most pronounced. "I would stop the imposition," she said, "approved of custom, connived at by parents, made possible by the state of ignorance in which we are carefully kept, the imposition upon a girl's inexperience of a disreputable man for a husband." Notwithstanding this, Evadne's excessive sentimentality carries her into a marriage with a man who proves to be very disreputable. Her first impulse is to leave him, an impulse that she obeys until her mother persuades her to go back to him upon perfectly impossible terms. Her husband agrees to all of her requirements provided she promises to refrain from dragging his name before the public either in print or on the platform. The state of suppression, mental and moral, into which she is forced results in an attack of brain fever, out of which she comes apparently restored to health, but in reality with her mental poise hopelessly destroyed. Events crowd close upon one another; the man who has ruined her life dies and leaves her free to be happy with one who is worthy in every respect, and whom she can love without reservation. It is too late, however; her views of life, exaggerated, distorted and misshapen as they are, now carry her to great excess. Heredity, the responsibility of parents to their children, becomes her hobby,

and she broods over it until the mania to destroy herself takes complete possession of her. Her husband realizes at last that he will in the future have only the power to make her life endurable.

Evadne is the chief, but not the only, woman that Madam Sarah Grand uses as a peg upon which to hang her favorite theories. She is a young person, apparently, who has read a good deal and thought more, and the ideas she has acquired in this way form an inconglomerate, heterogeneous, badly assimilated mass. She is a strong advocate of the emancipation of woman from the thralldom in which she is held by tradition in England, but in her presentation of this, as of everything else in the book, she goes too far. Her women are supposed to make this appeal irresistible, but they are so overdone, so exaggerated and, in many respects, so impossible, that they only serve to make their cause absurd. The men are, with one or two exceptions, held up to execration, but one feels inclined to sympathize with them heartily; the women they are called upon to live with are, to say the least, occasionally trying. The fault lies chiefly in their breeding, it would seem. They are put forth as representatives of the class recognized everywhere as ladies, but they certainly at times transcend the bounds even of common decency, and often without provocation. A vein of coarseness pervades all that they say and do, coarseness that has no *raison d'être*, because it in no sense of the word affects the motive of the story. If there were any artistic purpose to be derived from it one might put up with it, as one does in the Rougon-Macquart series or in the "Kreutzer Sonata," but here it is dragged in by the hair of its head as it were, to emphasize a situation sufficiently emphatic without it.

The book is not all bad, nor is it all impossible; the Heavenly Twins from whom it derives its title are, in their early youth, a perfectly delightful pair of children. Nothing could be more diverting than their pranks, nothing more appealing than their frank honesty and uprightness of character. They had arrived somewhat late in the married lives of their parents, and had been welcomed as angel visitants, under which fond delusion they were christened

respectively Angelica and Theodore. Before they were well out of their nurse's arms, however, society, with discernment, had changed Theodore's name to Diavolo, but Angelica was sanctioned, the irony being obvious. They were, as they themselves said, not at all the signs of the Zodiac, but the signs of the times, and represented in the minds of their friends the ineffectual genius of the nineteenth century, which betrays itself by strange incongruities and contrasts of a violent kind, but is otherwise unproductive. Charming as they undoubtedly are in the beginning, even the twins weary us beyond expression before we are through with them. Like everything and everyone else in the book they are overdone; and, though Diavolo retains our interest and sympathy to the end through his manliness and the sweetness of his nature, Angelica grows to be something preposterous and unheard of. Her conduct is certainly original, but it is neither clever nor interesting.

The advocacy of woman's rights, the alleviation of the sufferings of woman-kind, the improvement in the position of woman in the family and in the world at large by educating the younger generation in the belief that tradition has wronged her all these years are the main ideas set forth in "The Heavenly Twins." They are dwelt upon and repeated *ad nauseam*. In some instances, sentences and even paragraphs that occur in one part of the book will re-occur later on, word for word. Altogether it is a curious production. It can not be said to be uninteresting; Sarah Grand possesses the art of the story-teller to a very considerable extent, and her people can not be set aside until she is through with them; possibly because their conduct, not being governed by any known rules, excites a desire to see what they may do next. There are some passages of really beautiful writing in the book; nothing in conception or in execution could be more lovely than the poem, and occasionally there are sentences that are witty, terse and epigrammatic in an unusual degree. And yet the grammar is at times hopelessly bad and the construction of the sentences something appalling. In length they would do credit to Macaulay.

Mary Johnson.



IN REPLY TO CRITICISM.

Some criticism has recently been made—but in a tone which we recognize as being not unfriendly—of the apparent abandonment on the part of this magazine of the effort to furnish Southern writers with a literary forum, in which opportunity, otherwise difficult to obtain, might be afforded them to make known their abilities.

If such were really the purpose of this magazine it would be, perhaps, all the more culpable when done just on the eve of changing its name, and in the title of "THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE," promulgating a still more distinct and substantial promise of the policy with which it was at first, not unjustly, credited.

Such, however, is not its intention. It will continue to welcome contributions from Southern writers, no matter whether such authors have been previously famous or unknown, and its managers will be gratified, in scarce less degree than those writers themselves, if such efforts meet with popular endorsement and favor.

But our friends, even those most intensely Southern in every sentiment, would not ask us to refuse all articles, no matter what their merit and interest, which do not come from the South. That would be to copy the offense which has been accredited—and we think rather too hastily and broadly charged—against some of the Eastern magazines. To do so would be narrow and illogical, and would only intensify the feeling, if it really exists, which, it is complained, prevents a due recognition in the North

of the struggling literary merit of the South.

Nor would we have a right to so deal with our subscribers. They are entitled to the best we can give them, no matter the source whence we can procure it.

It is the aim and desire of those who conduct THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE to give every Southern writer, who submits to us good, conscientious, meritorious work, a chance to have his or her work published, limiting such opportunity only by the capacity of our columns, and the propriety already suggested of not making the test of selection an absolutely geographical one.

It is our wish now, as always, to make the tone and general character of the magazine essentially and distinctively Southern, representative of the region south of the Ohio, idiomatic in thought and speech, full of local coloring, redolent, so far as it may not be offensive, of sectional flavor; but we would be as unwilling to exclude, if they be tendered us, representative productions of Northern talent and Northern thought, as we would be to offend our countrymen there by an undue, unkind display of sectional feeling, and we are quite sure that our peculiar constituency, the people of the South, will approve this determination.

It is charged also that we are departing from the purpose originally announced of assisting previously unknown authors to obtain a public audience. Not at all. As already stated herein, all such writers, provided we deem deserving that which they offer shall be given a fair chance. But surely no one can expect, or ever justly could have expected us to abso-

lutely exclude all matter furnished by authors of established reputation.

In that, also, our subscribers would find very just cause of complaint; and to be perfectly consistent, we would be required to refuse admission to the articles of contributors who first obtained recognition in our columns just so soon as their efforts began to bring them fame. It would surely be unreasonable to expect a magazine to thus confine its efforts, so to speak, to the development of the young, untried, literary stock of one section or the whole country. The party who breeds trotters and racers can afford to do this sort of thing, because in that business one record-breaker will facilitate the sale of every representative of the same strain. But it is quite probable that no magazine on this continent owns outright any one entire literary family.

If we continue to pursue the lines herein indicated, it is not because we do not entertain a proper respect for the criticism to which we have alluded. On the contrary, we shall always regard criticism from such a source, knowing it to be not only well meant but well worthy of attention. But we not only hope but we believe that all our friends will eventually perceive that, in this matter at least, *THE SOUTHERN MAGAZINE* is moving in the right direction.

OMNE IGNOTUM, PRO MAGNIFICO.

There would seem to be a correlation of the artistic forces as well as of the forces of nature; a controlling influence governing all artistic development and inducing a resemblance or sympathy between all of its varied forms.

Just at present this seems to be assuming a phase which greatly confuses a plain mind, and is running into a certain transcendentalism which is quite embarrassing to uncritical people, who, at best, find it extremely difficult to keep abreast of very advanced ideas of any kind.

For lack of some apter general designation by which this condition of art evolution may be described, we may be permitted to characterize it as the "impressionist"; although that term has been employed, we believe, only of a particular school of painting.

It is certainly very striking, whether illustrated in colors or taking any other aesthetic shape. Whether we see it on canvas or dimly discern the same generic features in a magazine poem, we feel that this artistic impulse is moving in a mysterious way to accomplish very wonderful effects. However little we may comprehend it and even when hopelessly groping after its meaning, we realize that it can produce sensations impossible to other methods.

Nor, even when we decline endorsement, can we withhold a certain sort of admiration. One may refuse to believe in the possible existence of any young woman who has vivid crimson or deep blue hair and a skin which displays all the changing hues of the opal, but he knows that if, by any chance, he should encounter such a person, he would regard her with unaffected and unusual interest.

Despite the prejudices of experience, we may deplore the defective taste and uncultivated vision which prevent our recognition of purples and greens as legitimate flesh tints. We are assured that the artists see all these colors, although we can not; much upon the same principle, we presume, that Sir John Mandeville and Marco Polo saw things hidden from the gaze of other travelers of less keen discernment. Possibly the discoveries of science are interfering with the illusions of art, and rendering more difficult the reproduction of objects as they ordinarily appear. The modern painter of horses, by the aid of instantaneous photography, represents them in attitudes which we can not doubt are technically correct, but which no man ever recognizes in the living animal. He substitutes for the sweeping stride of Salvator, as we see it in nature, a paralytic hobble which would formerly have suggested that the steed had broken down or was badly foundered. So, perhaps, the painter of the impressionist school wishes to return to first principles in colors, and, entirely from a conscientious, scientific instinct, adorns the subject of his brush with iridescent spectroscopic and prismatic gleams, rather than present them as they appear to the untrained eye.

Nevertheless, some protest ought to be permitted even the uncultured, and mankind will always retain a stubborn predilection for things as they seem, and

be disposed to trust, in large measure, to the evidence obtained by the eye.

The sole criticism of any value which has ever been attempted of idealism in art or literature is that it embodies conceptions which have no just origin, and tends to perpetuate delusions. But what shall be said of a realism thus run mad, that furnishes us representations of matters and scenes which our senses absolutely contradict? In common with many other plain but well meaning people, we have long been puzzled to know what has been the matter with the "best" poetry of the age—what has caused it to soar so high above, or shut up so darkly against, the understanding of many who would be delighted to receive its fullest and sweetest inspiration. May it not be possible that by some occult sympathy, this new treatment, which renders æsthetic creations of the kind we have mentioned so abnormal and bizarre in the opinion of the multitude, affects also those departments of literature which are more nearly allied to the fine arts? May we not thus largely explain the lurid hues and spectral imagery of the average modern poem, and find in its involute metaphor and its insistence upon unlikenesses, only a reflection of the startling production of the impressionist pencil?

By this explanation much that has been found objectionable in the poetry of the period ought to be palliated, although not altogether removed. Much that has been deemed obscure or, indeed, without meaning, may be regarded as evincing a profound insight; and it is certainly unjust to the poet to complain of him that he clothes his subject in "convulsive red," when for doing the same thing we applaud the painter.

STRIKES AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

The experience of the last two years has contributed more than that of any previous ten years, to formulate public opinion in regard not only to the impolicy but the impropriety of "strikes"; and it is safe to say that popular sentiment now emphatically discountenances all such attempts to redress grievances, either real or fancied, or obtain concessions however just and reasonable. It

has become apparent that "strikes are not adapted to accomplish the purposes which their authors have in view, and are almost invariably attended with incidents and prosecuted by methods prejudicial to the peace and good order of the community. It has become further apparent that they seriously and injuriously affect the general business of the country, and involve other interests than those of the parties immediately concerned in their success or failure. So long as no one seemed to be really concerned but the operatives who urged certain demands and the capitalist or employer who resisted them, the public felt little interest other than that of curiosity in the effort or the result.

Now, however, that the frequency and magnitude of these controversies have manifested that they mean more than mere attempts to adjust wages and conditions of employment, but that they threaten wide interruption to commerce and industry, and disturbance of the public peace, boding most dangerous consequences, they are regarded on all sides with quite another sort of feeling; and he is a dull observer and altogether an inadequate interpreter of current and controlling opinion who can not discern that the mass of the American people have very nearly reached the determination that strikes must cease.

There was, of course, much sympathy with such action at one time. It was regarded as no more than a positive and perhaps necessary expression of the right of laboring men, not only to receive fair wages but to exercise some practical share in determining what might be a fair remuneration for their labor. The justice of this fundamental proposition—that in the contract of hire each side should have a voice and the rights of both be considered—was plain and indisputable; and it was as clearly proper that some method of reaching a just understanding of this important matter and of executing it should be provided.

It has become obvious, however, that in very many, perhaps in the majority of instances, strikes are not the result of the deliberate judgment, or even the wish of the larger number who engage in them and who are, as a rule, so injuriously affected by them.

They are precipitated by hot-headed

men who, taking umbrage without just reason, seek reprisal rather than redress, or are induced by crafty agitators who, by appeals to a manly but mistaken sentiment, seduce others, who would be conservative if let alone, into follies which they do not approve but know not how to condemn. As a rule, no matter how the strike may terminate, this honest and better class of operatives are losers.

It was also demonstrated very early in the history of such movements that the mere refusal to work by the men engaged in the strike was not enough to make it effectual. In order to bring the employer to terms something more must be done and harsher consequences threatened; he must be prevented from employing other labor in place of that which had abandoned him, and be hindered the free use of his property. Hence, violence became the habitual concomitant of every such experiment. The strikers sought by coercive means of all kinds, by intimidation and assault of those who were willing to work, by every kind of trespass, by seizure and destruction of the property, to compel surrender to their demands, and virtually made it impossible to conduct the business except on such terms as they saw fit to prescribe.

This sort of thing was permitted and even encouraged for a little while, and so long as it seemed that plutocrats and corporations would be the only sufferers; but it very soon became evident that it would extend and ramify far beyond these limits. The idea on which the strike was based applied to every occupation, trade and business in which one person was required to hire the labor of others. It was directed against the small as well as the great employer, against the individual as well as the corporation. "Union" men claimed the right to knock on the head "scabs," who would work for a tailor or tobaccoist, with as much impunity as if the offenders were working for Carnegie; they asserted with equal emphasis the privilege of boycotting a baker or blockading the yards and "killing" the locomotives of a railroad company.

They arrogated to themselves by virtue of their organization a freedom of action and immunity from responsibility which the law of the land denied every other per-

son. Seven years ago when the chief of the "Knights of Labor" testified before a Congressional committee by which all these questions were being considered, the country was informed by the admissions of these labor leaders that they could by no exertion of the authority vested in them restrain their followers from unlawful practices in aid of injudicious strikes.

On commenting on that testimony, the writer of this article used then the following language:

"Practically, the Knights of Labor claim the right not only to unite and form associations for the purposes indicated by Mr. Powderly and Mr. McDowell in their testimony before the committee, not only to 'strike' when they are not paid the wages which they deem an adequate remuneration for labor; but they claim a great deal more. They assert in fact, and are not slow to defend in argument, rights and principles which the law denies every other class of people, and which the State punishes in other citizens as crimes. Mr. Powderly tells us that lawlessness and 'strikes' constitute no part of his programme, but that he proposes to settle all differences and redress all wrongs by arbitration. Yet, when the scope and character of the arbitration come to be examined, we find that it is to be partial, in that it shall consider only the grievances of the employe and never those of the employer; and it is impracticable in that it proposes to settle some questions which, in the very nature of things—if there is to be any discipline or subordination at all—the employer alone must determine.

"It is manifest that labor unions of this character must either be disbanded or must abandon their pretensions, or that our civilization must be so modified as to entertain very different ideas of legal rights and wrongs from the present code, and permit acts to be done with impunity which we now menace with very severe penalties. If the Knights of Labor may, in the prosecution of their purposes, intimidate, coerce, or injure non-union laborers who accept work and attempt to perform it, and commit trespass and destruction on the property of employers who will not obey the mandates of their order, and boycott every one who does not agree with them or act with them, then all of us must be allowed the

same delicious liberty of action. 'Equal rights to all, exclusive privileges to none.' Every other man in America has just as good a right to violate the laws as a Knight of Labor. But it is the settled conviction of fifty millions of people in this country that no man has the right to benefit himself by trespassing on the rights of others; that no man may justly accomplish an object, however meritorious, by inflicting wrong on some other man.

"The right of a non-union man to work for a small wage is as sacred as that of a Knight of Labor to work for a large wage, and must be acknowledged and protected. Some highly intelligent foreigners may think differently, but the American idea is, and always will be, that a man can not acquire the right to beat and maim other citizens, can not trespass and destroy property, by simply joining an association with a high-sounding name. Even 'scabs' have some rights, and must not be 'attacked on sight,' or 'shot on the spot.' Five hundred thousand men can not successfully oppose claims so unusual and unjust to the settled convictions of fifty millions of people."

Public attention was first especially attracted to the detrimental effects of such attempts to determine by coercive measures matters which should be absolutely consensual and contractual, by the great railroad strikes. Such action affected every interest.

Interference with the transportation systems of the country meant interference with everything included in the vast circumference of commerce which those systems touched at every point. If the conduct of traffic and industry could be thus arrested whenever the operatives of these roads differed with the management on a question of wages or about some disciplinary regulation, then every kind of business, and men engaged in all occupations, farmers and merchants, producers and consumers, shippers and consigners, were at the mercy of the parties who could at their pleasure "tie up" transportation, and far-reaching disaster was made possible. All classes became alarmed, and the judicial declarations, recently pronounced, of the limitations legally imposed on the right of the employee of a common carrier to

quit work, were but expressions of what the great majority of the people felt to be an imperative public necessity.

It is of little avail that the law shall require a common carrier to accept and promptly transport all freight offered, if every effort to comply with the legal requirement be defeated by the insubordinate attitude of the operatives on whom the management must ultimately rely for the conduct of the business. Censure directed against the higher officials or stockholders for delays occurring in periods of strikes, while the striking employees escaped it, would seem ludicrously inconsistent. Why then should not these employees who immediately cause the trouble be held liable for all damage done during a strike, by unreasonable detention or otherwise, as well as the stockholders of the corporation who may be sued and made to pay? They take employment with the full knowledge of how profoundly the public is concerned, and of how greatly the public will suffer if they do not properly perform their duties. They are paid to serve the public. If then through their fault the corporation fails to discharge the obligations it owes the public and which it was created to render, ought they not to be held to just as strict account as any other person engaged in any rank or capacity in the corporate service or deriving benefit from its revenues? All the stockholders with all the officials of a railroad company combined might exert themselves ever so faithfully to serve their shippers, and yet they could accomplish nothing so long as the operatives themselves refused to work, and prevented other men, by force, threats, or persuasion from working in their stead. This seems very plain; no one will controvert it in theory; nevertheless very many people insist that the corporation shall be held responsible for the consequences of certain acts, while never seeming to reflect that the only sure cure to be found is in preventing the acts by punishing those who commit them.

Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that the proposition so frequently advanced, viz., that the Government should assume control of all the railroad and telegraph lines on this continent, were carried into effect, and these same operatives were transferred from the

service of the corporations to the service of the Government. They would be under no more obligation to faithfully discharge their duty to the public than they now are; the character and benefit of the service would be identical. Yet does not every man know that, if when serving the United States in such capacity, they ventured to do the things they do when they now "strike," they would be tried and punished for mutiny?

But it is in the exceeding demoralization which they breed in certain elements of our population, already disposed to lawless violence, that the worst consequences of strikes are to be perceived.

They do the most harm in furnishing pretexts and opportunities—sometimes almost apologies—for crime to the criminal classes, and an example to the mercurial and thoughtless, who, shrinking from undisguised crime, yet like the excitement to be found in riot and disorder.

Nor, if such action should become very general and be even tacitly approved, would it be possible even for those most desirous to keep the peace and obey the law, to escape the evil example. Every one would be driven, if not to similar conduct, at least to the necessity of repelling violence by violence. So far the actual strife has been only between "union" and "non-union" men; but jealousy and misconstruction, suspicion and mutual apprehension that some advantage may be sought and gained, already prevail between the "brotherhoods" themselves, and may occasion contention far more serious.

Regarding them in any aspect, considering their influences and consequences from any standpoint, it is obvious that strikes can not safely be permitted, and the time is not far distant when they will be sternly forbidden, not only as productive of lawlessness but as lawless *per se*.

TREATMENT OF THE CHINESE.

Every humane man must be gratified that some disposition is at last exhibited to show at least common justice to the despised and persecuted Chinaman. The favor Congress extends him may be trifling, but that which would be a mere pittance to any other race may, indeed, be esteemed bounty by these poor little Asiatics, who have been made to endure

every extreme of insult and oppression, and have been kicked, cuffed and robbed all the more unmercifully because of their timidity which restrains resentment, and their patience which permits no complaint.

That the Chinaman is not an attractive personage, at least in Western and "Caucasian" estimation, is not at all to be wondered at. People do not generally fancy their antipodes, and he is as absolutely the opposite of the average American in appearance and character as Nature could have fashioned. He seems, indeed, made out of a different sort of clay and developed out of other protoplasmic beginnings than those which have composed and built up the Aryan races. The poor, funny-looking little wretch may, for aught we know to the contrary and as his appearance strongly suggests, have descended from some strange mollusk thrown up from the deepest ooze of the Yellow Ocean. He has, unquestionably, many characteristics which strike us as neither amiable in a companion nor desirable in a citizen, and his social ideas are totally irreconcilable with many of the duties and responsibilities we have been taught to regard as imperative. But, on the other hand, he does not obtrude his peculiar views on other people, but keeps them, rather inhospitably than otherwise, to himself. He seeks in no manner to disseminate his opinions or to induce the practice by the white man of those habits which the Caucasian so fiercely condemns, as practiced by "John," and he is the only biped on American soil, except the Indian, who has not strongly emphasized political opinions, and does not strive to be a "hustler" at the polls.

But it will be admitted that it is not the Chinaman's vices or faults, nor those peculiarities in his mental and moral make-up which seem so strange to the Western mind, which have irritated the American citizen, or rather a certain active and influential class of citizens of the Pacific slope, and induced the persistent attempts which have been made to forbid his coming or remaining in this country.

On the contrary, it has been his possession of qualities which, in a former generation, Americans themselves would have deemed virtues; patience, enduring

industry, thrift, and a determination to work for the lowest wage in the market rather than not to work at all. It is well known that it was these racial traits which brought upon the Chinese the aggressive enmity of the representatives of American labor and the politicians who did their bidding. It is well known why and how the legal persecution of these people was pressed to the point it has reached, and it would perhaps be as useless now, as it has been previously, to attempt either to combat or deprecate it.

The man who has no ballot is not much considered in a free country where the voter is all-powerful, when his claims to even fair treatment are supposed to conflict with the interests of those who not only have the ballot but understand how to organize and wield political influences.

Nevertheless, there are some questions of importance and broadly suggested by the character of the legislation that has been directed against the Chinese, which may cause the acts passed for the exclusion of these people from American soil to prove embarrassing.

It would be perfectly logical and a policy that might be successfully defended, to announce and rigidly enforce the broad rule that no immigrant shall be admitted to this country—no matter what his race or nationality—whose personal reputation was so bad, or character so vicious as to furnish good reason for apprehending that he might prove a dangerous citizen. Nor could there be just complaint if men who notoriously entertain political opinions which reduced to practice would occasion trouble and perhaps seriously imperil our institutions, should be prohibited ingress to our shores. All such men might be properly included within those criminal classes which every people have, in self protection, the right to deny entrance to their society.

But in excluding the Chinese on account of racial considerations, we virtually abandoned this reasonable and tenable criterion by which to determine who of foreign birth ought or ought not to be admitted to residence among us; and, with a consistent inconsistency, received without any hindrance or question hordes of the most vicious and dangerous of the population of Europe. A time must

come when the demand that this immigration shall be stopped will be pressing and imperative, and then we will be confronted with a precedent which will induce much vexatious debate at home, and serious diplomatic complications abroad. The diplomatic question between our Government and that of China, already pending, must necessarily assume more important and graver dimensions and phases, as that vast and populous country, now fairly started on its career of modern civilization, grows in material resources and the influence so commanded, and develops its immense latent powers. Commercial relations between the people of China and those of the United States must become more general and more intimate, no matter how heartily the "hoodlums" of California may detest the little brown men who practically expound the heresies of cheap labor. American enterprises may desire these relations more cordially and find them more advantageous than perhaps will the Chinese. But every harsh act now will breed trouble for the future, and the time will surely come when the chief difficulty we shall find in removing discriminations against American commerce with China will be the discrimination to which we have subjected the Chinese here.

MARSHAL McMAHON, EX-PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

The death of Marshal McMahon marks, in one sense, the termination of an epoch. The mighty social changes wrought by the great revolution, and general alteration of sentiment and opinions, which the development of modern civilization necessitates, have almost totally obliterated all outward semblance, at least, of that peculiar social creed which made the high-born Frenchman of the seventeenth century the finest gentleman in Europe.

He was not usually, it is true, an exemplar of the moral virtues, but he was conspicuous among his contemporaries for courage, courtesy, magnanimity and good faith.

When Napoleon I. ascended the throne, a military aristocracy was substituted for the former one of birth and hereditary privileges. Lacking the graces of their

predecessors, the soldiers of the Empire possessed the same fiery spirit and were animated by a loyalty as ardent; while the discipline and *esprit de corps* of the new order was as potent and controlling as the sense of personal responsibility in the old one, expressed in its motto of *Noblesse oblige*.

There were Frenchmen, even in this generation, who seemed to belong of right and by nature to both the patrician order of the seventeenth century and the military nobility of the Empire. McMahon was the last of these. Educated in the school and in the traditions of the French military service as it was moulded and informed by Napoleon, he was essentially a representative of the Grand Army. Reared to believe and maintain the strictest social tenets hereditary in the proudest families of France, whose blood was in his veins, he was as distinctively a representative of the *ancien noblesse* in its best and most admirable traits.

And with all their faults and errors, they were splendid gentlemen—these high-blooded, fearless products of the "old regime." No breed of men has ever lived which illustrated in grander fashion what examples of honor, courage and fidelity may be furnished under the conviction of what is due to race and rank. But with the old hero has passed away the last of the martial class of the First Empire, the last of the typical nobility of France. The events, military and political, of his career are so well known that it is unnecessary to more than allude to them. No French officer rendered more efficient service in subordinate station, or gave better promise of fitness for command. His gallantry was proverbial even in an army composed of Frenchmen. His conduct at Magenta reminds one of the strategic audacity and personal energy of Lanness at Montebello, in a previous Italian campaign, and the results of each battle contributed largely to the success of the campaign during which it was fought.

McMahon was very fortunate in Algeria, and doubtless his success was due as much to his amiable and generous temper and the influence he on that account acquired with the native tribes as to any professional skill.

He commanded an army corps in the Crimea with signal ability, and the capture of Sebastopol is, perhaps, more largely due to his advice and efforts than to those of any other officer of rank in the allied army. When he was placed in supreme command of the French armies during the Franco-Prussian war, the time had unquestionably gone by for any exercise of skill or courage to restore victory to the French standards.

Lack of organization and discipline in the French ranks was confronted by an organization and discipline in the German, which equaled if they did not surpass the best specimens of either produced by Frederic or Napoleon. The world never saw, perhaps, not even in the Roman legion in its best day, so perfect a military machine as the German army.

And when McMahon took command, the trial had already been made and the question of superiority already decided. Sedan was merely the sequel of Gravelottes and the other preceding battles; it was the grand blow by which the Germans completed victory.

But the superb gallantry displayed by the marshal, and his resolution never to despair of his country, especially as contrasted with the slackness and apparent lack of patriotism exhibited by Bazaine, made him, at once the popular hero, the idol for a time of such a people as the French.

It would have been better, perhaps, for his fame if he had not been elected president of the republic; for his genius and character were essentially those of a soldier, and he was neither by temperament nor training qualified for the conduct of political affairs. It is doubtful if any man could have succeeded much better in his situation, surrounded with such difficulties and embarrassments. But he had neither the art to conceal, nor the tact to explain; and his very honesty and sincerity sharpened the criticism which inevitable disappointments in his administration provoked. But, however that may be, he will stand out as one of the noblest figures in French history. His message from the Malakoff might be repeated with even more of truth from the Pantheon, "I am here, and I will stay."

MY LADY'S ESCRITOIRE.

"GENTLE IDIOSYNCRASIES."

There lives a poet who wished to speak favorably of woman and yet convey a delicate intimation of her foibles. So he invented a saying that he considered met the exigencies of the case. This saying might be called "sweetly pretty," if one wished to borrow a current phrase from a popular opera; and it run in this wise:

"The gentle idiosyncrasies of woman but the more endear her to the hearts of men."

Surely the words of this sometimes rhymester have an affectionate sound that should commend them to all femininity. To have one's faults pointed out in a beautiful manner ought to be a pleasure to every right-minded woman.

Though women are not suffering from a dearth of censors, there is a large number of individuals who are willing to accept this critical office and work without salaries. But there is no one so qualified to tell women of their peculiarities as another woman; men do fairly well, but they lack the comprehensive knowledge, the keen perception, and especially the unflinching determination to tell the whole truth about the matter, that possesses a woman when she has made up her mind to be unpleasant.

One of the largest fields of observation of feminine idiosyncrasies is a city thoroughfare on a rainy day. The average woman does not consider a short (that is, quite short) dress, in good form. In fact, she thinks the wearing of one borders on indelicacy because it makes too much of an *expose* of feet and ankles. So she cuts her gown of a length to wipe up the pavement. Whene'er she takes her walks abroad on a wet day, she gathers up her drapery in a bunch behind or at the side in a manner that makes startling disclosures to the on-looker, but she is comforted by the thought that her dress is modestly long, and so no harm is done anybody. That is, no harm to any one but herself. Wet

ankles are said to cause rheumatism and neuralgia. And a celebrated specialist in nervous diseases has just declared that women waste an alarming amount of vitality in the senseless method of holding up dress skirts that ought only to come to the ankle.

But who cares what he says? He is a man any way, therefore inconsistent in this matter.

Once upon a time there was a convention of men and women in a large city on a lake. The people came together from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, to talk about health, hygienic laws, dress reform and kindred topics. Many of the wise men stood upon the platform and inveighed against the wearing of corsets, pointed-toed and high-heeled shoes, trailing skirts and other like abominations. They were eloquent and impressive on these subjects. So much so that great applause was given them. There was clapping of the hands and other expressions of approval. The wise men were pleased and inwardly congratulated themselves that they could talk so well.

Now there were many women in the audience. Some of them believed in carrying theory into practice. So they had attired themselves in dresses that were short and displayed broad "common sense" shoes with flat heels that made the feet look large and roomy. They had also discarded corsets for "comfort" waists that produced a bag-like effect. They wore their hair in a plain, sensible fashion and generally eschewed frivolities. Great was their satisfaction at these sayings of the wise men.

"Now," said they to themselves, "we are at last appreciated. We have been derided and treated with contumely by the multitude, but these learned men will put common opinion to flight. We shall receive great honor from this noble army of gentlemen, and the other women will wish that they had also dressed themselves in a seemly fashion." And they plumed themselves and put on airs.

Now after the convention was over, there was much meeting together socially. And the wise men and the sensible women were in the same assembly with the daughters of the people who did not care for hygiene but wore deadly corsets and other things that had met condemnation. And what did the wise men do? Did they bow themselves before the sensible women and say unto them:

"You have done virtuously above all other women. Receive our admiration and our homage. Give us the privilege of doing you honor?"

Is this what these men, who knew everything, did? Not they. They followed after the daughters of the people who did not care for hygiene, and they flattered them and smiled upon them, and they averted their faces from the other women who found no favor in their sight. And the women without corsets went away in vexation of spirit. And they said unto themselves:

"Of what profit has it been to us that we hearkened to the wise men and did follow after their teaching? For they have this day put us to open shame."

And there was much murmuring. Now this parable is only inserted *en parenthese*, and is not expected to be read by anybody.

Another one of the rainy day idiosyncrasies of woman is the manner in which she carries her umbrella. She performs this act with a total disregard of the right of other people to carry umbrellas. She holds her own immovably upright and preserves an inflexible attitude that converts the parachute into a machine that creates havoc and spreads disaster. She knocks off men's hats and tears women's ribbons and veils. She collides with other umbrellas and causes them to go down before her. As she generally takes the "middle of the road," leaving the other pedestrians to walk on the two sides of the way at the same time, she has large opportunity to display her ability to achieve desolation.

Now in these days the wary merchant writes seductively worded advertisements in regard to bargains to be had at his place of business. And the women read these things and are fired by a determination to go and buy. One of them wishes to

purchase a bolt of skirt braid that ordinarily costs five cents. She hears of a place where it is selling for four cents, and immediately pays ten cents car fare to go in search of the bargain and considers the transaction a stroke of economy.

Quite a noticeable thing in regard to women at the bargain counter is her ability to endure the fatigue of the crush. She can undergo an amount of hard work on these shopping occasions that would exhaust the vitality of the strongest man. What makes this the more curious is the frailty of constitution we are told is her heritage that renders it impossible for her to undergo the physical strain of dropping a vote in a ballot-box. It is difficult to believe in this great weakness of hers when we see her collectively in a mob, fighting her way to a shop counter. But it must be true because very many good men say it is.

The flexibility of woman's vocal organs has been another subject for comment. In plain English, she talks too much—on occasions. Take a body of women in a room together, and hear how conversation oftentimes degenerates into gabble. There seems to be a senseless jargon of sound with no meaning in it. It has been likened to the chatter of parrots in a tropical forest. It is rumored that every one of the women talks and no one listens, which means a great expenditure of breath to no purpose.

In this same line is the propensity women have for asking questions, which is some times inconvenient and embarrassing. In domestic circles this is notably the case. Man is lord of creation. He should come and go without being obliged to offer explanation. But this unreasonable habit his feminine belongings have of questioning him often interferes with his absolute freedom.

There are other inopportune times when woman asks questions. But she should be forgiven when it is remembered that in one sense the world is newer to her than to man. She is like a child who is just finding out things.

The gentle idiosyncrasies of dear

woman that are most commonly pointed out are in the above list. They are the foibles on which the charges have been rung with variation. They might be blacker faults than they are, but small as they seem it is worth while to put them away.

They are always being brought up. They furnish material for the newspaper paragraph and are grist for the mill of the humorist. There is a great sameness in it all, but it is wonderful how weighty small things like the above may become. They even take the place of argument and are considered impossible to refute. They are the stock-in trade of cross-road politicians and never fail of applause and appreciation.

A few days ago a little maid four years old was telling a lady visitor of her mother's how she loved to go to church.

"But," said the guest, "do you not grow tired sitting still so long?"

"No," replied the little one, gravely, "'cause I sits still and prays."

"Why what do you pray about?" was the rather surprised interrogatory of the lady.

The child hung her head bashfully for an instant, and then replied in a whisper:

"I jus' keep thankin' God I wasn't born a boy."

But among the numerous advantages that have accrued to the boys of past generations is that of having been trained to employ themselves. The girls did not learn that in order to obtain results it was necessary to work for them. Hours of systematic, close application were to them almost unknown. But this lesson is now very thoroughly learned by a number of women, and this number is daily increasing. And when a woman once learns a lesson she is very apt to retain it. This is partly resultant, no doubt, of her having lived so much in ruts.

One habit she has not yet acquired is that of taking a great deal of time to transact a small amount of business. If a man goes to an office to see another man there is usually quite a deal of conversation to be gone through with, foreign to the matter in hand. Whereas a woman has nothing to talk about save the affair

to be transacted. Her method has its advantages, although she does not thereby daily help settle grave matters of State and solve political and monetary problems as do her masculine contemporaries.

Perhaps the gravest fault of an average woman is her disinclination to stand by the unfortunate of her sex. This comes in a great measure from her past training. Man has wished her to learn the lesson that was most advantageous to himself. So it has come about that only one virtue counts in a woman, and that is chastity. One lapse from this and there is no earthly hope for her. All the tears and repentance in the universe can not wash the stain away. In nine cases out of ten a woman sins through her affection. She stakes everything on one chance and loses all. But no extenuating circumstance is allowed. Her fellow women are the stern, hard judges who never pass but one decree, and that is always condemnatory and from which there is no appeal.

All this is in great contrast to the attitude of men toward an offender of their own sex. Men shield each other; they stand up in defense of one another, and they are always ready to lend a hand to a fallen brother and help him up. It remains for women to be utterly pitiless to each other.

If they like throwing stones, why not cast them at men and women alike? In the old Mosaic dispensation, offenders of a certain kind were both stoned to death by all the people. In modern times, only the woman is stoned, and the missiles are hurled at her by her fellow women. It is too often the case that the pursuers are so eager in their chase and intent upon their prey that the man in the case is entirely lost sight of and escapes comparatively uninjured.

An English artist has painted a hunting scene where a pack of hounds have overtaken a fox and are on the point of despatching it. The overwhelmingly eager desire of the dogs to tear and dismember their victim is almost startlingly lifelike, and so is the hunted, despairing, agonized expression of the poor fox.

As a moralist would say, there is much food for thought in the above picture.



BOOKS. AND WRITERS.

A very interesting volume from the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. has appeared within the last month. It is by Thomas Jay Hudson and is entitled "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." The enormous sale which the book has already had is a significant indication of the absorbing interest felt, even by the popular mind in the questions treated of, and this is all the more noteworthy when we remember that every work of a kindred nature (and their name is legion) which has appeared within the last four or five years has met with much the same reception. The publication of the proceedings of the London Society for Psychological research left the reading public in the condition of Oliver Twist, and the recent work of Albert Mall, one of the leading lights of the Nancy School of Hypnotism, dealing with a different phase of the same subject, was devoured with equal avidity.

The present volume does not deserve to rank with that of Mall for several reasons, but it contains a mass of material which is valuable as evidence, even though the reader can not always accept the conclusions deduced therefrom; and it is also interesting for its exposition of an ingenious and laboriously developed theory which is based upon the facts collated. Under the head of Psychic Phenomena,

the author takes up hypnotism, mesmerism, psycho-therapeutics, spiritism, ghosts, and the philosophy and the miracles of Christ, all of which he refers to the same general law of what is known in science as "suggestion." He sets out with the postulate that man has two minds, or at least that his mind has two different sets of attributes, quite distinct from and acting independently of each other. One of these he calls the "objective mind," or that which takes cognizance of the objective world, receiving its impressions from the five corporeal senses and reasoning upon this evidence by all the methods known to the logician. The other he defines as the "subjective mind"—that of which man in his normal conditions is unconscious—which works by intuition, takes cognizance of the subjective, or unseen world, and is incapable of inductive reasoning. This mind he affirms is always governed by and practically at the mercy of "suggestion," which is of two kinds: auto-suggestion, which comes from the objective mind of the individual to his own subjective mind, or the suggestion from without which may be impressed upon the subjective mind; of one person by the objective mind of another. The conditions most favorable to the operation of suggestion upon the subjective mind is that in which the functions of the object-

ive mind are in forced abeyance or voluntary suspension. The former condition is that which obtains in hypnotism by suggestion; the latter accounts for the phenomena of mind cure.

The author claims that it is the subjective mind which controls the bodily functions; and that, this being controlled in turn by the objective mind, all we have to do is to assert with sufficient persistence and determination that a given thing is true (no matter how contrary it may be to the evidence of the senses), and this statement is accepted unquestioningly by the subjective mind which acts upon the body, and through the body reacts upon the objective mind, producing the effect desired.

It seems a pity to throw an obstruction between the wheels of a machine so nicely adjusted, but there are some things for which the author's theory does not account; others again in which his hypothesis of the two distinct minds does not seem necessary to explain the phenomena. He accounts for all the manifestations of spiritism and clairvoyance upon the hypothesis of telepathic communication, or the action of one subjective mind upon another, the functions of the objective minds of both persons being to a greater or less extent suspended. But one of the most common of the manifestations of clairvoyance is the foretelling of future events, which could not be conveyed from one mind to another for obvious reasons. Another is the tracing or locating of lost or stolen property, which is done successfully every day, and which could not be accounted for upon the author's theory; because, the place of hiding being known in the one instance to the thief and perhaps in the other to the finder of the article, the chances are all against the intelligence being conveyed from one to the other according to his own statement of the case. The subjective mind of the thief would be enlisted in his own behalf in the prevention of discovery; and in the other case, as the loser and finder would be strangers to each other, they would not be *en rapport*, and the chances would be all against a communication of the facts. But it is scarcely worth while to remark that the author discreetly refrains from considering these things, though he leaves himself a loophole of escape by stating that there are phenom-

ena which seem to support the theory of independent clairvoyance though they are constantly decreasing as the science of telepathy becomes better understood.

In his chapter on "Hypnotism and Crime," the author takes the position that this agency can not be successfully employed in the instigation of crime. In proof of this he asserts that the subjective mind is deeply imbued with the principles which govern a man in his normal condition and that it refuses to act upon any suggestion which is not in accordance with those principles. Thus, no man has ever been known to divulge the secrets of any order under the influence of suggestion, and a man who is opposed to the use of liquor can not be made to do anything while in the hypnotic condition that is contrary to his principles. The author locates the instinct of self-preservation in the subjective mind, and thinks that this, together with the antipathy to crime which resides in all well regulated minds, would operate against a successful experiment. It must be borne in mind, however, that all persons are not instinctively opposed to crime; many are deterred from it simply by the lack of opportunity or incentive, or by the fear of consequences; and if, as the author asserts, the subjective mind accepts without question or suspicion, and also without reasoning the suggestion of the operator, it would be as easy to remove the fear as to supply the incentive. The fact that no man has ever divulged the secrets of an order does not prove that he could not be made to do so if the operator were sufficiently determined. His refusal is more probably due to the fact that the operator for sufficient reasons did not care to force the issue, or that he neglected to remove by suggestion the fear of consequences which controlled the answer.

But it is in his theory of mind cure or psycho-therapeutics, just where the author has been at most pains to elaborate it, that his hypothesis of the action of the subjective mind appears to be the least successful.

All the facts of hypnotism and mind cure seem to support the view that what he calls the subjective mind, that is the passive principle of the human mind, is not of itself cognizant of pain and can not be. It is not necessary to say to the

subject that he is not in pain; the moment the functions of the objective mind are suspended the patient becomes unconscious of pain. It makes no difference whether this effect is produced by catalepsy, hypnotism, narcotics or natural sleep. If the subjective mind controls the functions of the body and can not be cognizant of pain or organic derangement, it follows that the seat of pain is what the writer calls the objective mind, which, according to his claim, controls the subjective consciousness, and, through that, the body. His own argument is strong in support of the fact that the only power possessed by what he calls the subjective mind is reflective. It can not create an image or alter in any way the impression projected upon it: it is not, therefore, with this passive principle that the healer has to deal, but with the active principle of the objective mind which creates the image or impression. All that is necessary is to successfully combat the assertions of the objective mind and we get the result; and this may be accomplished as readily when a man is in the normal condition as when he is under the spell of the hypnotist. The object of the mind healer and the hypnotist are the same; viz., to change the belief in the objective mind; but the former operates by force, the latter by strategy. The former suspends by the force of his spell the operations of the objective mind, and when it is helpless proceeds to make his own terms with it. The mind healer, without attempting the forcible control of the faculties in question, makes his argument mentally so that the opposition of the objective mind is not aroused. He proceeds upon the principle of a general who attacks his enemy in the dark and from an unexpected quarter; the enemy, not knowing where to strike, surrenders without firing a gun. It is well-known that nothing is more unstable than the conclusions of this same "objective mind," which has come down through the centuries arrogantly brandishing its tallow dip of reason. The argument, upon which it prances so gayly to the fore to-day, to-morrow is cast aside as lame and impotent; we voluntarily suspend its functions every day, while we subscribe to some scientific theorem that is directly opposed to the evidence of the senses.

The palatial dome of theory and hypothesis which is inhabited by the generation of to-day will be deserted to-morrow, and the day after will become simply the rubbish heap from which posterity will collect its curiosities of civilization. The moment the human mind, individually or in mass, turns round and begins to batter at its own conclusions, those conclusions are doomed; no statement is too absurd to obtain credence if it be only persisted in, and no syllogism is at once so direct and forcible that it can not be subverted. To sap the foundations of the strongest conviction, it is not always necessary to have recourse to argument; the simple statement, iterated and reiterated, is enough, as any man may demonstrate for himself who will make the experiment and, when this fact is borne in mind, it will be seen that the power of the human mind over itself is practically limitless. It is as easy to convince it of one thing as of another—it is made to swallow the camel of absurdity every day.

This helplessness or supremacy, according to the point of view, of the reasoning faculty has furnished the pith and point of innumerable proverbs; it is understood by all logicians; it is at once the basis of all the creeds in the world and of all reforms in science, religion and politics. The subjective mind, or what other philosophers have called the passive principle, is not in the game; it simply looks on while reason argues or laments, and reflects the result with the same absolute fidelity with which the mirror returns the image of the object which is placed before it.

It is upon the knowledge of this fact that the mind healer builds, and, for all practical purposes, it makes no difference whether his hypothesis is true or false. Whether matter is real or unreal; whether it is as solid as the rock-ribbed earth is supposed to be, or is merely a series of impressions, is not of the slightest consequence so long as he can, by repeated assertions, convince his patient that it is nothing. That this reasoning faculty may be attacked and routed in the dark, that is, by a series of mental statements of which it is not cognizant, just as an army may be taken prisoner by a force of whose existence it is ignorant until the moment of capture, is proven by the

innumerable instances cited in the volume under consideration, and by others equally well authenticated, recorded elsewhere.

The new novel by General Lew Wallace, which has just been issued in two compact and attractive volumes by Harper & Bros., will be seized upon with more than ordinary interest by all who are familiar with this author's dexterity in the manipulation of historic and romantic material.

No better subject for a romance could be found than the fall of Constantinople and the events immediately antedating it, including the most interesting portion of the career of Mohammed, and one of the most trying periods through which the Christian religion has been called upon to pass; but in addition to this the story gathers vigor and a strenuous fascination from the scene in which the action goes forward, the rich and varied coloring of a city at once oriental and cosmopolitan, from the number and variety of characters faithfully studied and successfully portrayed, and from the semi-barbaric state of the people who furnish the narrative.

The book is rich in types, in local color, and is crammed with historic facts of momentous significance; but General Wallace has the art of sweeping his story along by means of the very descriptions and delineations which, in a less skillful writer, interrupt the narrative; and his book contains any number of climaxes, all of thrilling interest. One of the most striking of these is the chapter which describes the throwing of Sergius to the lions; the daring behavior of the Princess Irene; the bravery of Nilo and Count Carti, who rush to the rescue; and the strange effect upon the lion, a veteran fattened upon heretics, of the religious abstraction of Sergius. It is interesting to note in this connection that General Wallace has here made use of one of the facts mentioned and explained at length in the volume upon "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" cited above. It is claimed by students of psychic science that, by suspending the functions of the objective mind, fear is allayed, and that the brute creation is capable of recognizing this condition. The miraculous deliverance of Daniel in the lions' den is

cited as an instance of this; and whether or not the author of "The Prince of India" has given any time to the study of this question, he has very accurately described the phenomena and the conditions under which it is produced.

"Pietro Ghisleri" is the latest novel by Marion Crawford, dealing with the vagaries, the idiosyncrasies, and the methods, not altogether edifying, of Roman society.

It is difficult for the average reader to understand the fascination with which this subject holds the author. The historic and philosophic importance of the events set forth in the three preceding volumes, as well as the interest of the narratives themselves, were sufficient to account for the almost loving perseverance with which the author pursued the Saracinesca through all the various family ramifications. The interest, historic and personal, which carried the reader through the Saracinesca series is conspicuously absent from the present volume, which is melodramatic to a degree, replete with sermons in little, and handicapped with a hero who seems to have been created for the sole purpose of serving as a peg upon which to hang the author's reflections. One of the chief defects of Mr. Crawford's work is the fact that he is never for a moment absent from it; in theatrical parlance, he is always on the stage; his personal attitude toward the characters and their doings is always uppermost. You can not escape the knowledge that Mr. Crawford considers Pietro a tremendously fine fellow in the same moment that he is telling you of all the reprehensible things he has done.

If there is one rule in creative literature that is more binding than another, it is that the characters of a novel should be allowed to speak for themselves, to create their own impressions upon the reader. The author is at liberty to choose either action or dialogue for purposes of delineation, but he should be no respecter of persons, and he must keep out of the fray.

This assertion, wherever made, will be instantly confronted with the counter statement that Thackeray violates this rule on every page. He does and he does not. He introduces you to a drawing-room full of people, and allows them to exploit themselves sufficiently, after

which he plucks you by the sleeve, winks significantly, and, drawing you into a corner, proceeds to comment genially upon what has happened. Mr. Crawford's method is to blindfold you before entering the room, and while there he proceeds to tell you how these people look, what they are doing, and how very wicked or how exceedingly gracious it is of them to do it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Barlow, Jane Irish Idylls,
Dodd, Mead & Co.
- Balzac, Honore De . . The Brotherhood of Consolation, Roberts Brothers.
- Bell, Lillian The Love Affairs of an Old Maid,
Harper & Bros.
- Brooks, Henry S. . . A Catastrophe in Bohemia and
Other Stories, Chas. L. Webster & Co.
- Barrie, J. M. Two of Them,
Lovell, Coryell & Co.
- Catherwood, M. H. Old Kaskaskia, \$1.25,
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Crawford, F. Marion Pietro Ghisleri, \$1.00,
Macmillan & Co.
- Caroli, Guisepe The Algerian Slave,
Laird & Lee.
- Cornwallis, Kiniban . The Conquest of Mexico and
Peru, \$1.00, Published at the Office of the Daily
Investigator, New York.
- Dole, N. H. Not Angels Quite, 50c,
Lee & Shepard.
- Deland, Margaret Mr. Tommy Dore,
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Duncan, Sara Jeanette . . The Simple Adventures of
a Mensahib, \$1.50, D. Appleton & Co.
- Douglass, A. M. . . Bertha Wray's New Name, \$1.00,
Lee & Shepard.
- Flower, B. O. Civilization's Inferno, \$1.00,
Arena Publishing Co.
- Fuller, Anna A Literary Courtship, \$1.00,
G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Gerard, Frances Angelica Kauffman,
Macmillan & Co.
- Gosse, Edmund Questions at Issue,
D. Appleton & Co.
- Harte, Bret . . . Sally Dows and Other Stories, \$1.25
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Hope, Audree The Vyvians, 75c,
Rand, McNally & Co.
- Harris, J. C. . . Uncle Remus and His Friends, \$1.50,
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- Kipling, Rudyard Many Inventions, \$1.50,
D. Appleton & Co.
- King, Edward Joseph Zalmonah, 50c,
Lee & Shepard.
- Murdock, W. N. Third Hand High, 50c,
Lee & Shepard.
- Sargent, Epis . . Select Works of Benjamin Franklin,
75c, Lee & Shepard.
- Sumner, Charles . . True Grandeur of Nations, 75c,
Lee & Shepard.
- Thanet, Octave . . Stories of a Western Town, \$1.25,
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Two Women of the West . . Unveiling of a Parallel,
Arena Publishing Co.
- Winslow, Helen M. . . Salome Shepard, Reformed,
\$1.00, Arena Publishing Co.
- "Quondam" . . . Adventures of Uncle Jeremiah and
Family at the Great Fair, Laird & Lee.
- Zola, Emile Doctor Pascal,
Cassell Publishing Co.





THE HARE'S NEST.

Wilmath had completed his book. How devotedly he had worked on it, year after year; how fondly he hugged its literary worth, how deeply did he feel that it was to make him famous. He had written it in a year of impulse and had gone over it in three years of judgment. Every sentence had gone through his mind hundreds of times. Every chapter was a picture. His friends, who had long known that he was literary, asked him why he didn't write something; and he always answered that he might after a while. He was holding his book as a secret to spring upon the world and startle it, to make his friends open their eyes in astonishment, to compel his intimates to acknowledge that he was a genius. So now this work was done, the writing of it; and all that remained was a suitable publisher. The success of the book entered not into the question; that was beyond all doubt. The world loved art. He tramped the city, looking for a pub-

lisher, and when he was turned away, from one to another, he felt no pang of wounded pride—he simply felt a pity for short-sighted man. But after a while he found a publisher. All writers eventually find one. Literary mediocrity possesses an enterprise, a persistence that butchers, bakers, old clothes dealers, might do well to imitate.

The book came out. It was entitled "The Hare's Nest," and how fondly did Wilmath gaze at the gilt lettering, and how he lay in bed, looking at a picture in his mind—the astonishment of the critics. He subscribed for the service of a press cuttings bureau, and he impatiently awaited the scraps of adulation which he knew must soon come from the newspapers. But they didn't come. He got a few scraps, and they were cuttings, in more senses than one. One reviewer said that the book was crude. Crude, when Wilmath had worked on it so long, so devotedly! The fellow was a liar. Another critic, whose review was comprised in four lines, said that "The Hare's

Nest" was a foolish title, and that the book was without interest. Foolish title! The ass didn't know what he was talking about. It was the most insinuating sort of a title. Book without interest! The camp! Why, it was thrilling from beginning to end.

Every day Wilmath called on the publishers to ask how the book was going. It was not going. At first the publishers treated him with a mild degree of politeness; after a while they merely nodded at him whenever he came in and finally they took no notice of him. Yes, once they did tell him to move when a boy came in to sprinkle the floor. Nobody came to him to tell him that he was a genius; nobody appeared to think that he was. One fellow asked him why he hadn't called his book "The Mare's Nest?" Where was his vanity now? It was dead, pressed between the leaves of his book. What did he think of the book now? He had read it again in the light of reason rather than in the light of hope, of infatuation, and was compelled to acknowledge that it was weak. A year passed and he remembered it as a stone-bruise.

* * * * *

A young woman was on a railway train in the mountains. She was tired, worn out with travel. The newsboy brought her an armful of books. She bought one for half-price. It was old looking; it had been much handled though not by readers. She took it up and glanced through its pages; she found a sarcasm directed at woman and through the open window she threw the flimsy thing. It fell under a tree near a stream.

* * * * *

Riggsly, the celebrated book reviewer, worn out with work, disgusted with romance, sick of history, shuddering at poetry, went with a party of friends to the mountains to catch fish, to forget books. They had been out a number of days, and one afternoon, having followed the stream a long distance, they came to a railroad bridge. "Here's a good place," said one of the men. "That deep hole is lined with them." They fished, and Riggsly, growing tired, lay down under a tree.

"Helloa, what's this?" he said, turning over. He took up a paper-back book, glanced at it and threw it down.

He tried to sleep, but couldn't. He wished that he had brought something to read. He took up the book again and began to turn its pages. He had never heard of it. Humph! there was a good sentence. The fellow was not a fool, at any rate. What was that? The gleam of a bright picture. He turned back to the first page, began at the first word. He turned leaf after leaf.

"Riggsly, want something to eat?" one of the men asked.

"No, don't believe I do."

"Have a drink?"

"No."

Evening came; they went back to camp. Riggsly took the book with him. His friends ate supper, smoked, went to sleep. He lay stretched on a blanket, his face toward the fire, reading the book. The thing was charming, strong, truthful, new; and he hadn't expected ever again to find a new book, except as to print and binding.

"Who can this writer be?" he mused. He had finished the book and lay thinking over it. "I have never heard of him. Why hasn't he done something else? It has been out more than a year. Why didn't he send it around. It would have been a delight. I would have given it—I'll do it yet."

On his way home he read the book again, to see if he had been wrong in his first estimate, and he caught little beauties, stray bits of philosophy, half hidden fancies that escaped him on the first reading.

He wrote eight pages for a magazine and put his name to the review. The critics were startled by the extracts from the book; literarydom was aroused; book dealers were besieged; the publishers were unable to supply the demand.

* * * * *

Wilmath had moved to the country; he was not able to support himself in town. He had given the keenest years of his life to that book, and now he seemed fitted for nothing. One day he was startled by a dispatch from his publishers: "We will give you fifty dollars for your copyright." What, could this be true? A pick-up, a God-send. Would he take it? His answer was, "Telegraph me the fifty."

The book has gone through many editions. Where is Wilmath? He is down

in the country, hard at work on another book. Will the same publishers bring it out? Hardly. Will he sell the copy-right? No; and the chances are he will wish that he had. Then what's the use of writing? I don't know.

Opie Read.

AT THE SPRING.

In every neighborhood throughout the heavily wooded districts of the South there stands an old log house slowly settling down into decay; and near it, on the same hill, is a white frame church. The old house was a place of religious resort years ago, and within its walls America's most fervid oratory was heard. In the fall of the year, when the fodder had been pulled, when the leaves on the oak trees had caught the first breath of autumn, the "revival" began at Mount Zion. A strong man from a distance, a gospel Samson, came to help the young circuit-rider—came to arraign the devil and to paint sin in most horrible colors. Many a shoat was slaughtered, and many a pone of corn bread was baked. Eloquence, zeal, power to convert did not turn the edge of the preacher's appetite. He was a worker and he believed in eating; he gloried in his physical as well as in his religious strength. Indeed, his bodily strength stood him well in hand, for he was sometimes called upon to fight Satan in more forms than one. The tough man from over the creek—and it appeared that the toughest man always lived just across the creek—held preachers in contempt, and was opposed to the spread of the gospel; so the circuit-rider was sometimes forced to get down in the county road, hitch his horse, and thrash this fellow.

As long as the weather was good, the young men remained outside the meeting house, lolling under the trees, talking horse, swapping saddles, knives, and sometimes horses. The old men, the women and the children sat inside, listening to the preacher. The preachers inveighed against this neglect on the part of the young fellows, but it was a custom of the country and could not be remedied. The church was near a spring, and the spring was a place of great social resort. It was here that the young men sat and

picked out their future wives from among the young women who dismounted at the horse-block not far away. This is a fair sample of their talk:

"Zeb, how's your tobacco?"

"Putty good. Turning out better than I expected."

"Glad to hear it. I didn't 'low you'd have any. Rid along by your upper patch about a month ago, and a tobacco worm hopped up on the fence and asked me for a chaw; 'lowed he'd dun chawed all yourn up."

This never failed to raise a laugh, even among the old men who had heard it when they were boys.

Once a "revival" was in progress at Oak Grove in Sumner county, Tennessee. It had been a year of great sin, of backsliding, and the new circuit rider was ambitious to reclaim the swamp lands of the church. And he had made a very fair start. He had wallowed old Sandy Balch in the county road, had larrupped one of the Stallcup boys with an apple tree sprout, and had eaten with marked relish a sweet potato pie baked by the widow Morris. Now all that remained was to persuade the backsliders to return, to urge the new crop of sinners to throw over their evil ways. His only hope to catch the young men was at night; during the day, he must be content with the old men and the women. He was near the close of his sermon, one day at noon; a horse discussion was going on at the spring.

"Now, this horse of mine," said Tom Dabbs, "is one that you read about."

"Yes," Tobe Brock replied, "but this horse of mine is one that men preach about."

"I never hearn nobody preach about him."

"You hain't? Well, you must have paid mighty little attention to the sermon. Brother Hooker is goin' to preach about him to-night."

"Yes, that's mighty fine to tell these folks settin' about here. He's goin' to call up mourners to-night, an' I know he ain't goin' to talk horse."

"He may call up mourners, but he's goin' to talk about my horse, all the same."

"I'll bet you fifty dollars he don't."

"I've jest got fifty and I'll take you."

The money was put up; and as Brock

was walking away from the spring a friend said: "Tobe, you air mighty foolish to throw away fifty dollars these hard times."

"Ain't flung away no fifty dollars."

"Yes, you have, makin' such a bet as that."

"You wait."

The sermon was done and Mr. Hooker was riding toward the place where he was to eat dinner. Tobe Brock overtook him.

"Tobe, why don't you come into the fold?"

"I've been layin' off to do so, Brother Hooker, and I believe I will after a while."

"Why not now, Tobe?"

"Well, I'm breakin' some steers now. Have to wait till I git them broke."

"But what difference does that make?"

"Makes a good deal. No man can break steers without cussin'."

"That's all nonsense."

"Yes, it do look that way to a man that ain't breakin' steers; but let him try it once, and he'll find that cussin' is the nachulest thing in the world. But I am goin' to mend my licks this fall. Say, I've got a little proposition to make to you. Now this fellow, Tom Dabbs—but wait a minute. I heard you say you wanted to fix up the church."

"Yes, I do."

"That's what I thought, and I 'lowed to give you twenty-five dollars."

"I wish you would. That would make up the amount."

"I think I can. Now this fellow, Tom Dabbs thinks a man ain't got courage to do nothin'. He said that a preacher is hampered and hilt down more than anybody. I 'lowed he wan't—'lowed that you could say putty much what you pleased; said that you could talk about a horse while standin' right up in the pulpit—said that you could mention my horse. He offered to bet fifty dollars that you wouldn't, and I tuck him up. Now wait a minute. You mention my horse to-night in your sermon, and I'll give you twenty-five of the money."

"But I won't encourage betting."

"You won't? But you air encouragin' it when you let fellows go on bettin' without gettin' nipped. You can teach this fellow that it's dangerous to bet, and you might cure him. He thinks he's got a

sure thing, and you ought to show him that it's mighty risky even to bet on a certainty, and besides the church will get fixed up."

"You've put it on pretty strong ground, Tobe?"

"Yes, and I believe that's your duty both to the church and to—to showin' fellows that they oughtn't to bet—Well, you know what I'm tryin' to git at."

"Yes, and I will think about."

That night Tobe leaned forward and listened eagerly to every word the preacher uttered. And he saw no place where a mention of his horse might be slipped in. "The Son of Man came humbly riding on an ass," said the preacher. "How illustrative of his meekness. He could have mounted the charger of a Roman centurion. He could have had the fiery steed from the Arabian desert; or coming down to a mere home-like illustration, he could have ridden an animal such as we see hitched out yonder under the trees, a horse such as our young men ride, such as that poor, blinded sinner Tobe Brock rides. Ah, he is well mounted now on the prancing steed of pride; he feels strong; he thinks that he will never be compelled to flounder on foot in the mud of despair. But his time is coming; and your time is coming, Tom Dabbs; and yours, Lit Perdue; and yours, Sam Johnson; and yours Bob Stoveall; and yours, John White—yea, you are all approaching your time."

Before the sermon was over every man whom he mentioned was at the bench, praying that his sins might be pardoned; and when the congregation was dismissed, the stake-holder was told to return the money, that the bet was off.

That was a long time ago. Tobe is the pastor of a church in West Tennessee, and Tom is a presiding elder in Arkansas.

Opie Read.

RAIN LILIES.

The mesquites hang out their tassels of green,
The dark oaks sparkle in crystalline sheen'
Their gray moss is powdered with diamonds
between,

And out of the moist earth, till then unseen,
The hidden rain lilies arise.

All the *hot*, dry day, in the brown, dusty
grass,

While the cloudless sky was as clear as glass,
The sun beat on them and called, alas,
In vain; for until the showers pass,
The rain lilies hide their eyes.

Then the rain came down with a clash and a
leap,
Into the earth where the rain lilies sleep;
It sent its swift messengers far and deep,
Till over the prairie's endless sweep
The starry lilies arise.

They have sipped the silver dew all night,
And sprinkled afresh their robes of white,
Pure as the raindrops, as sunshine bright,
And now they turn to the smiling light
Thousands of twinkling eyes.

But the sun grows warmer, his fierce rays burn;
From white to pink the rain lilies turn;
And, drooping and fading, once more they
yearn

For the cooling drops from the crystal urn
That shall bid them once more arise.

S. B. Hale.

STRACED MEETIN' IN COON 'HOLLER.

The "Glorious Fourth" had been fitly celebrated, and the long procession with perspiration and patriotism oozing from its pores had disappeared around the corner of Ninth street. The roll of drums still resounded in the distance, and the notes of a fife playing "The Girl I left Behind Me," floated back, faint and elusive, on the noon-day air. It was genuinely, uncompromisingly hot, and the watermelon vender and pink lemonade stands did a land office business.

The whistles had just blown for twelve and the big town clock was still striking the hour, when two vehicles, coming from opposite directions, neared each other on Market Square. They were alike only in their dilapidation; for the first was a long, low wagon, much careened to one side and drawn by a pair of shaggy, big-headed calves, while the second was a rickety old buggy with but the semblance of a top, and a diminutive little donkey, all tail and ears, working between the shafts.

In the wagon sat old Uncle Nels the rag-man, his clothes all tatters and patches like a badge of his calling, his black face beaming from under a brimless straw hat.

"Git er rag! Git er rag! All yo' ole rags! All yo' ole rags!" he shouted from long habit, as he jolted along; but remembering the festive occasion, he broke off into a song:—

"Far'well, honey, I'se gwine erway,
Gwine erway, honey, I'se gwine erway:

Pocket full o' money, I'se gwine erway,
Gwine erway honey, I'se gwine erway.

Heart full o' sorrer, I'se gwine erway,
Gwine erway, to-morrer, I'se gwine er—"

Just here the buggy drew up alongside of him, and a shrill female voice called out from under a big green sun-bonnet:

"Bless de Lawd, ef dar ain't Brer Nels, big ez life. I ain't seed him fur er coon's age."

"Who is you?" gruffly demanded the rag picker, coming to a halt, and peering warily towards the speaker.

"Go 'long, nigger," said the woman, laughing; "you done git de big haid 'mos' bad ez yo' calves is, sence you done move up ter town. 'Pears lak you thinks yo'se'f 'bove soshatin' wid ole frien's."

Removing her head covering, she displayed a small shriveled face like a withered yellow apple, and Uncle Nels, recognizing her, leaned over suddenly and shook her vigorously by the hand.

"Jimminy cruckets," he exclaimed, brightening, "ef dat ain't Sis Rhody. Whar you come f'um, chile, an' how is all de fokes down in Coon Holler?"

"Dey's all jes tollable, thanky, Brer Nels," returned the woman, "'cep' Eli; he's puny ob late. Dis heah's my gran'-son—Cindy's boy. I fotch him 'long kaze de driv me."

"But ain't dis meltin' wedder, Sis Rhody," panted Uncle Nels, mopping his face with a grimy cotton handkerchief. "It do seem lak it 'u'd feel good ter set in yo' ribs an' cool off er while. Whut yo' gran'-son name, Sis Rhody? Scusin' his color, whar is sho turrible black, he do sorter zemble you."

"He's Zekial; dough we calls him Zeke fur short. Jim's his daddy—Ellen's Jim—but he's done ben in de penitenshy gwine on two ye'r."

"Uh-huh," said Uncle Nels, with a deprecatory shake of his head. "An' whut's all de news?" Without waiting

for a reply, however, he straightened one leg so as better to explore his capacious pocket, and brought up from its depths two silver dimes, remarking, meanwhile:

"I is jes ez dry ez er powder horn, an' befo' we kin git up er sho nuff ole time cornfab, I'se bleege ter fin' sumpun ter wet my whistle. Hear, you Zeke, boy, drap dem lines, an' run back up de road yander an' buy me er watermillion. 'Thump it good so ez ter see ef it's soun', befor' you picks it out."

The boy's eyes lingered gloatingly on the luscious heart, as Uncle Nels' big barlow sank deeper and deeper into it, and not until each was provided with an ample slice was the conversation renewed.

"Well, suh," began Uncle Nels, taking with intense satisfaction his first bite, "dis is sho cur'us. 'Tain't no longer dan las' night dat I was dreamin' 'bout dem happy ole times whut useter wuz, an', please Gord, heah you is now. But whut's ev'y body ben doin' ob late, down in yo' diggin's?"

"Dar wuz stracted meetin' in Coon Holler las' week," rejoined Aunt Rhody, "an' Ab'um Hall, he got 'ligion."

Uncle Nels' opened his mouth in unforged astonishment, and gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

"Whut dat you sez?" he inquired. "Dat sneakin', thievin' nigger done git 'ligion? Whar he fin' it, Sis Rhody?"

No real relationship existed between these two, but they were members of the same church—brother and sister in the same fold.

Aunt Rhody leaned far out of the buggy, so that the juice might not drip in her lap, and announced slowly:

"You know Ab'um he's ben er seekin' er good while. He come ter de mo'ners' bench off an' on all las' ye'r, but he's dat light fingered he cyant he'p hisse'f, an' he back-slide reg'lar. He nomernate ter de preacher dat he rastle wid de debil cornstant, day in, an' day out, but 'tain't no use, kaze de ole feller gits hip-holt on him, an' flings him ev'y time. Ev'y munt Gord sen, Ab'um he lookin' thoo dat ten ob di'mon's up in de jail, an' when he git out, he bleege ter pray er little ter jesterfy his min'. So bimeby 'mos' all de hin rooses 'roun' an' 'bout Coon Holler dey wuz zausted, an' when de preacher heah 'bout it, he 'low mebbe he kin 'deem Ab'um f'um 'struction now."

"Hab anurrer slice, Sis Rhody," urged Uncle Nels, while the grandson ate his to the rind and eyed the old man imploringly, all to no avail. "It teks er heap ob watermillion ter squinch yo' thurs hot days lak dese."

"Whar wuz I?" queried Aunt Rhody, as she picked the seeds from out the new slice. "I 'clar' ter grashus, I 'pear ter be losin' my 'memb'ance."

"You wuz splainin' how Ab'um an' de debil 'sputed," suggested Uncle Nels, wiping his mouth upon his sleeve.

"Yas, dat's de trufe; I rickolecks now," assented the woman. "Well, lak I tells you, now sence de chickens wuz gittin' sca'ce, an' beinst ez de Zidin' Elder wuz comin' ter mek his circus, why Ab'um he dally 'roun' de preacher twell he 'fess his sins. Ain't nobody mirate none when he come up ter de mo'ners' bench ag'in', but ez fur me, I wuz suttinly jubus. Ab'um, he's scan'lous slip'ry—same ez er eel—an' whut you reckon, Brer Nels?"

The old man paused in his chewing to listen, and his black face and Aunt Rhody's yellow one leaned as near each other as the positions of their respective vehicles would permit, while she explained impressively:

"An' 'twuzn't no longer dan de bery nex' day dat I ketched him. I wuz comin' 'long f'um de spring wid er pail ob water on my haid, when I heerd er mighty racket; an' dar wuz Ab'um by his lone se'f, down under dat ole sycamo' whar de lightnin' hit, er playin' 'Ole Zip Coon,' an' er back-steppin', an' er pidjin-wingin' same ez ef he had er partner."

"Speck de debil wuz his partner," asserted Uncle Nels in an awed whisper.

"Trufe, Lawd, now you's talkin'!" exclaimed the woman with emphasis. "But dat nigger, when he ketch sight of me, he jes ez cool ez er cowcumber. I dismembah zactly his wuds, but he sez, sezee, 'I gittin' sorter res'less chompin' on de bits, an' I 'low I'd tek one far'well rack down de road befo' de chu'ch nabs me.'"

All this while Zeke sat motionless, following with his eyes each movement of the two old people, and swallowing with an effort, as slice after slice disappeared.

"Ab'um he ax me not ter tell on him

'bout his little 'sprise party whar I done seed him at, an' so in time de Sund'y come 'roun'. De Zidin' Elder he preach dat day, an' he sho did r'ar an' pitch. I wuz dar, an' Ad'line she come up f'um Cane Ridge ter de meetin'; an' de preacher he wuz 'zortin', an' Munro him an' Dan wuz bofe grunTERS. Dem tukkey-tail fans dey soun' lak bees er buzzin', an' dey ax Sis Cassy to raise de hyme."

"Whut hyme wuz it?" inquired Uncle Nels.

"'Twuz er new one whut de Zidin' Elder brung f'um de Gum Bottom neighborhood." And while she and Uncle Nels kept time with their heads, Aunt Rnody sang under her breath, in high falsetto:

"Oh, Isrul got de light an' gwine on,
Gwine on, gwine on,
Oh, Isrul got de light an' gwine on,
Done lef' po' sinner in de dark."

"Dat's got de ring of er Hardshell Baptis' hyme," said Uncle Nels, approvingly; "an' dem wuds is good ter stuh up er body's 'mem'brance ob de las' day."

"Now you's comin' 'long, honey," interpolated Aunt Rhody; "reels an' dancin' chunes mebbe suits young fokes, but when you gits ole an' stiff in de jints, er hyme sets easy on de soul."

"How long did de meetin' hol'?" asked Uncle Nels.

"It hilt gwine on er week," the woman replied; "but Ab'um he lay low plum ontel de las' day. He renounce ez how he ain't satisfied in his own min', an' dat he's still er seekin', but be dis ez it mought, when ebenin' come he spruce hissef up wid er yaller naicktie on; an', bless Gord, he smell so loud wid dat mus' whut he done po' on his ha'r, twell he 'fume de whole chu'ch when he sa'nter up de aisle. Enduhin' ob de meetin', dey mek er gre't lot ob corn-victs" [converts] "an' dey wuz all settin' on de front rows. You membah Roxanner, don't you?"

"Who? Dat imperdent, sassy nigger whut come f'um Vicksbu'g?"

"Uh-huh, dat's her," assented Aunt Rhody. "Well, mun, she wuz dar,

aldough she done fan out her husban' an' his mammy, too, jes de week befo.' An' so at las' it come time fur Ab'um. De preacher he stan' up, an' he 'lection-eer him right dar befo' ev'ybody:

"'Is yo' stole no tukkeys sence de las' time yo' come ter de mo'ners' bench?' he ax him.

"'Naw, suh,' 'spon' Ab'um, speakin' up quick.

"'Is you 'propriate ter yo'se'f no chickens off ob hin rooses whar wuzn't yo'n?"

"'Naw, suh,' I ain't totch er chicken fedder.' Ab'um mek answer.

"'Is yo' done ben too free wid Miss Mullins' ducks?' de preacher sez, still zaminin' him.

"'Naw, suh,' Ab'um splain; 'when I meets er duck, I gibs her de road.'

"'An' de same ez ter gooses?' sez de Zidin' Elder, sezee, lookin' mighty s'archin'.

"'De same ez ter gooses,' Ab'um 'low.

"So dey 'mitted him inter de chu'ch, an' ez he come 'long back he drap in er seat 'side ob me, an' he wuz p'intly trimblin'; an' he whisper in my yer while he nudge me wid his elbow. 'Lawdee mussy, Aunt Rhody, ef he had jes say *guineas* he would er kotch me sho.' Dey's gwinter baptize him nex' week, an' I hopes ter grashus dey'll dip him deep."

"Dey wuz suttin'ly hot on ole Ab'um's track." ejaculated Uncle Nels, with loud guffaw.

"Wake up, Zeke, boy; we mus' be er movin'," announced Aunt Rhody, tying on her bonnet. "Well, Brer Nels', gib my bespecks ter all yo' fambly."

"Tell ev'y body down ter Coon Holler dat I sont 'em all de howdies," called out Uncle Nels', "an' ef Gord spar' me I 'low ter drap in on 'em 'bout Chris'mus time."

"Good-bye, Brer Nels'."

"Good-bye, good bye, Sis Rhody, honey," and the wagon and the buggy creaked dolefully, as though entering meek protests at the widening of the distance between them.

Pauline Shackelford Colyar.

SHADE LEMON'S 2 PENSIONS.

DEDDIKATED TER THE NEW PENSION KER-
MISHIONER.

I'm a tellin' this here story jess the way hit
taken place—
Hit's the plain unvarnish truth I tell—I'm
talkin' ter yer face—
In the mountings of old Tennysee, some 30
year ago,
Lived a man by name of Lemon—lean & lank,
& awful slow.
Which his hare it were so yaller all the punkins
hid fer shame!
Likewise also his stragglin beard—Shade
Lemon were his name.
Which his jint's was slung tergether sorter axi-
dental-wise,
& fer ramblin shamblin stragglin ways, he
taken off the prize.
Ther want no power er good in Shade; he
never done much harm—
He mostly fooled away his time on his little
mounting farm;
In summer time he laid abaout & watched his
weedy krap—
What little munny Lemon made, jess fell inter
his lap.
His cow run in the mountings nigh—she et the
publick grass—
He lived on butter-mik & meal & a little gar-
den sass.
Shade Lemon want no hand to fout. I useter
hear him say
The man that scoots when rows commence kin
fout some other day.
& when that crewel war broke out he taken ter
the brush,
Him & his cow—they boath run wile—he lived
on milk & mush.
Hesez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "Shade
Lemon's had no hand
In bringin' this here fuss abaout—twant done
by my kermant—
This grand ole Union's good ernuff fer sich po
men as me!
The rich man's war's the po man's fout—but in
it Shade wont be!"

Jeff Davis he kep sendin word for Shade ter
volunteer,
& Lemon he kep hidin out, a tremblin like fer
fear,
Ontil at last Jeff Davis sont a reejiment up
thar,
& fer Shade knode it, he were cotch, & grafted
in the war.
I watched him close—I knode his grit—&
when the fout begun,
Shade Lemon had the stomach ake ontill the
fout were done!
The next big fout, he claimed he had a mizry
in his hed,
So bad he couldnt see ter shute, leastways that's
what he sed.

Thar now! I done fergot one thing—I'm tellin'
of hit straight—
Shade Lemon jined the kalvry Co., he rid his
ole mar Kate.
He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "ef I'm
ter jine the war,
I bleeve I reether ride as walk—I'll ride my
ole gray mar—
Ef this here grate konfederacy cant prosper
thouten me,
I'll save the thing & bring hit home, ef I must
jine the spree."
I watched him close—I knode his grit— I
knode his time would come—
Some fouts was fit on purpose, but it want the
way with some—
One day the kalvry compny they was ridin'
keerless like,
Acrost a little neck er woods, ter hit the Knox-
ville Pike—
We lowed them tarnal yankies was 10 mild er
more away,
& Shade, ter hear him tell it, were a pinin fer
the fray.
Fust thing we knode, them sly old yanks they
riz up outen the ground—
They rix up like wile injins do, they hemmed
us up all round.

I'm a tellin' this here story jess the way hit
taken place—
Hit's the plain unvarnish truth I tell—I'm
talkin' ter yer face—
Shade Lemon drapped his gun he did, he grab-
bed his ole mar Kate
Around the neck with boath his arms, as I'm
erbleeged ter state—
He drapped the rains—he shet his eyes—ole
Kate she run around,
Jess like the tother hosses done—she farely
thrashed the ground!
She dodged them bullits splendid—I'm a
tellin' of it strate—
Them bullits flew one sollid our, but never
totch old Kate!
When them yankies drapped the subject, and
departed double quick,
I found Shade Lemon in some pines, whar
weeds & vines was thick—
He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezsee, "I
dunno whar I'm at!
I fit them coward yanks so hard, I lost my gun
& hat!"

Black ink is white—the sky ar green, & medder
grass ar blue,
Ef what I'm tellin' of yer haint as true as truth
ar true—
We devilled Shade so tarnal bad, he tuck a lit-
tle ride,
Him & old Kate, one stormy nite, & jined the
tother side.
I haint no call ter tell how well he fit for
Uncle Sam—
Dave Hanks want thar, & whar I'm at, that's
all the whar I am—
I know one mornin' atter that, he straggled
inter camp,
Ragged & yaller—like a purp, he sneaked, the
tarnal scamp!

The reejimeant riz up ter once, & giv him
 3 loud cheers,
 & Shade, he flopped down on a stump, & busted
 inter tears!
 He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezzee, "them
 yankies tuck my mar!
 They sed they had no use fer me—I ain't no
 use no whar!
 Jess hang me ter a white oak lim'. I jess as
 liv be hung,
 As ter be made the laffin stock of ev'ry waggin'
 tung!"
 The boys they tied a rope around his long &
 hairy neck—
 I begged fer Shade, but them wile boys, they
 never keered a speck!
 They strung him up—but jess afore he kicked
 his last deth kick,
 The kaptin' made um cut him down—he sed
 hit made him sick!
 He sez ter me, "Dave Hanks," sezzee, "you
 take the blame fool home!
 We haint no use fer sich as him—I can't see
 why he come!
 We can't disgrace Fare Dixie Land by hangin'
 yaller dogs—
 But all the same, we can't pile bresh, & drag
 around sich logs!"

I'm a tellin' this here story jess the way hit
 taken place—
 Hit's the plain unvarnish truth I tell—I'm
 talkin' ter yer face!
 Shade Lemon draws 2 pensions now! he gits
 back ev'ry year
 The wuth er that ole mar he lost—full price &
 intrust clear!
 He draws one pension jess bekase ter tother
 side he clung.
 His widder draws anuther, kase her pore ole
 man were hung!
 His widder! which he married her, a likely
 fresh yung gal,
 Three year ago, come nex' July—she's jes the
 age er Sal!
 Sal, she's my darter—which they say, Sal
 Hanks a bu'ty be!
 Her & Miss Lemon boath grode up in ole East
 Tennessee.

Dave Hanks.

LONG TENURE OF OFFICE IN KENTUCKY.

Two white-haired State senators were
 given to joking each other upon the
 length of their tenure of office. Marshall
 had just been deploring the flight of time,
 saying that it seemed but yesterday
 since he entered the senate.

"Since you *entered*?" exclaimed
 Knox; "Marshall, you never entered
 the Senate—you *started* it. Why, they
 tell me down in your 'kingdom' that
 you made your first race against Daniel
 Boone, when out of three votes cast you
 got two and Boone one—his own—which
 was afterwards thrown out when it was
 discovered that at that time he was too
 young to be entitled to a vote."

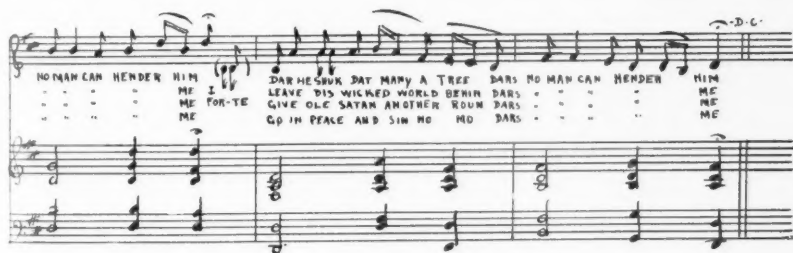
"Well," laughed Marshall, "that was
 rather far back, it is true; but I distinctly
 remember that when I first arrived here
 I found you standing in the middle of
 the floor of the Senate chamber making a
 loud speech; and they told me you were
 'old man Knox,' defending yourself
 against the charge that in one of your
 early races for the Senate you had been
 elected without opposition by the Indians
 who, by your instigation, had carried off
 Simon Kenton's grandfather who was
 running against you."

HE LOST THE BET.

A Government gauger, recently ap-
 pointed, had arrived at the Mint Bank
 Distillery in Central Kentucky but a few
 hours when Keeling, the manager, en-
 gaged him in a friendly discussion as to
 his ability to discharge the duties of the
 office he had just assumed. In the after-
 noon they met again at the adjacent
 grocery-store, when K. offered to bet his
 watch against the gauger's horse that the
 latter could not tell, by ten gallons, the
 quantity of molasses in a barrel which
 stood on the porch in front of the store.
 While the new gauger went for his meas-
 uring-rods, Keeling filled a piece of gas-
 pipe with molasses and inserted it in the
 bung of the molasses barrel, which in
 fact was empty. The gauger soon re-
 turned, and after poking in his gauge, he
 declared there was 38 gallons of molas-
 ses in the cask; whereupon Keeling
 kicked it lightly off the platform and
 claimed the horse amidst a roar of laugh-
 ter from the bystanders.

C. Q. Wright.

RIDE ON JESUS-



Arranged by Mildred J. Hill.

A Question of Interest.

"Polly, come here," said Polly's mama,
 "And bring me that spool of white thread."
 "I won't," said the bad little thing, and she
 shook
 All the curls on her little round head.

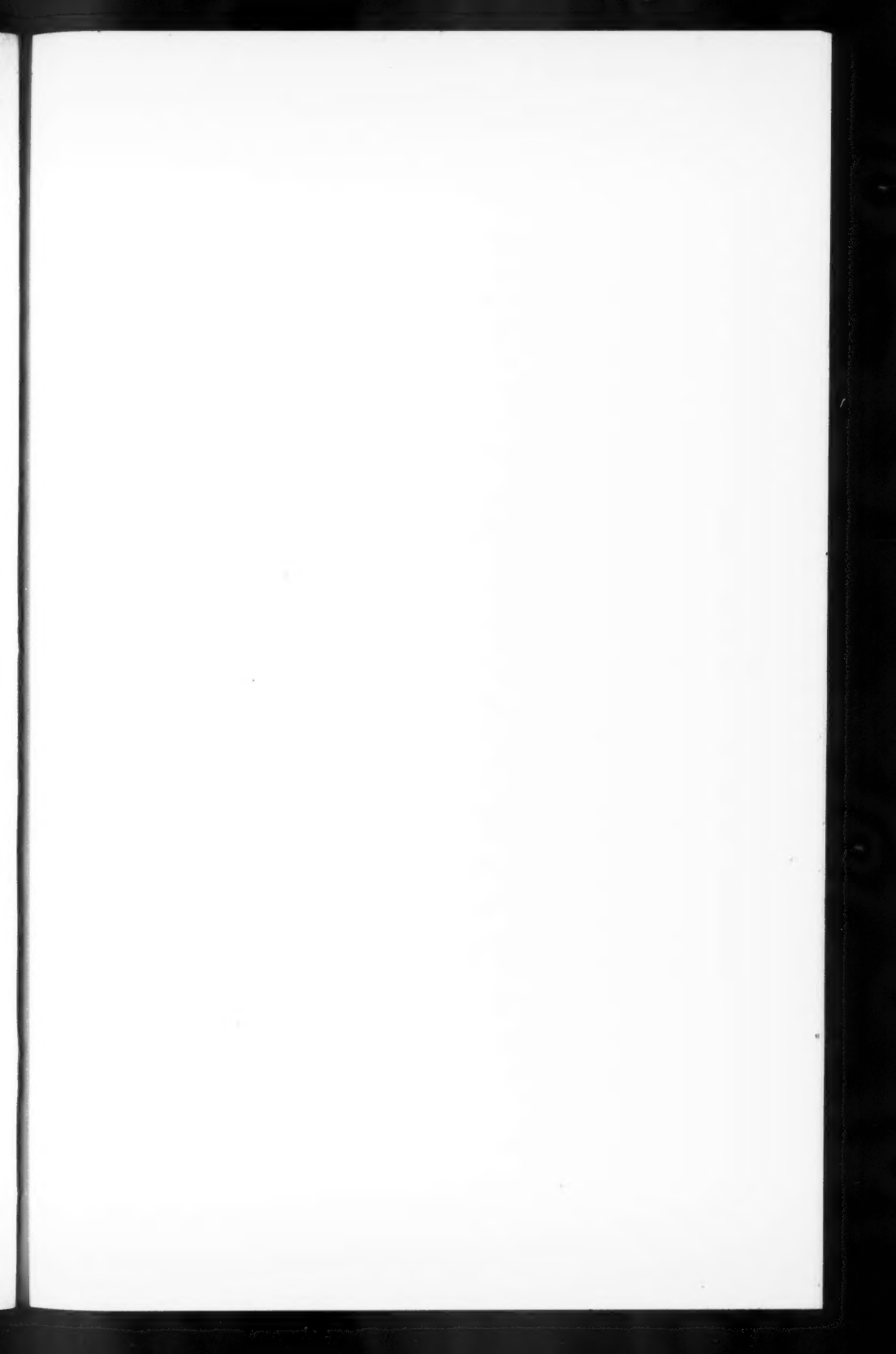


"You must not say *you won't*," said mama.
 And Polly stopped short in her play.
 She sagely reflected and wonderingly asked,
 "When I'm not going to do it, what *shall* I
 say?"

Elizabeth Chase.

ELIZABETH CHASE







"DARK EYES DESIROUS FOR THE STRANGER SAIL."—SEE "THE PAPHIAN VENUS."

DRAWN BY J. H. VANDERPOOL.



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